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OLNEY HYMNS,

IN

THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I....ON SELECT TEXTS
OF SCRIPTURE.
BOOK II....ON OCCASIONAL
SUBJECTS.

BOOK III....ON THE PRO-
GRESS AND CHANGES
OF THE SPIRITUAL
LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN NEWTON,

L O N D O N.



— Cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,

Montibus hæc vestris : soli cantare periti

Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant

Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores !

VIRGIL. *Ecl.* x. 31.

And they sung as it were a new song before the throne : and no man
could learn that song, but the redeemed from the earth.

Rev. xiv. 3,

As sorrowful---yet always rejoicing.

2 Cor. vi. 10.

NEW-YORK :

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1808.

1870



OWN
BY
THE

P R E F A C E.

COPIES of a few of these Hymns have already appeared in periodical publications, and in some recent collections. I have observed one or two of them attributed to persons who certainly had no concern in them, but as transcribers. All that have been at different times parted with in manuscript, are included in the present volume; and (if the information were of any great importance) the public may be assured that the whole number were composed by two persons only. The original design would not admit of any other association. It was likewise intended as a monument, to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship.— With this pleasing view I entered upon my part, which would have been smaller than it is, and the book would have appeared much sooner, and in a very different form, if the wise, though mysterious providence of God, had not seen fit to cross my wishes. We had not proceeded far upon our proposed plan, before my dear friend was prevented, by a long and affecting disposition, from affording me any farther assistance. My grief and disappointment were great. I hung my harp upon the willows, and for some time thought myself determined to proceed no farther without him. Yet my mind was afterwards led to resume the service. My progress in it, amidst a variety of other engagements, has been slow; yet in the course of years, the hymns amounted to a considerable number: and my deference to the judgment and desires of others, has at length overcome the reluctance I long felt to see them in print, while I had so few of my friend's hymns to insert in the collection. Tho' it is possible a good judge of composition might be able to distinguish those which are his, I have thought it proper to preclude a misapplication, by prefixing the letter (c) to each of them. For the rest I must be responsible.

There is a style and manner suited to the composition of hymns, which may be more successfully, or at least more easily attained by a versifier, than by a poet. They should be *Hymns*, not *Odes*, if designed for public worship, and for the use of plain people. Perspicuity, simplicity, and ease should be chiefly attended to: and the imagery and colouring of poetry, if admitted at all, should be indulged very sparingly, and with great judgment. The late Dr. *Watts*, many of whose hymns are admirable patterns in this species of writing, might as a poet have a right to say, that it cost him some labour to restrain his fire, and to accommodate himself to the capacities of common readers. But it would not become me to make such a declaration. It behoved me to do my best. But though I would not offend readers of taste by a wilful coarseness and negligence, I do not write professedly for them. If the Lord, whom I serve, has been pleased to favour me with that mediocrity of talent, which may qualify me for usefulness to the weak and poor of his flock, without quite disgusting persons of superior discernment, I am satisfied.

As the workings of the heart of man, and of the Spirit of God, are in general the same, in all who are the subjects of grace, I hope most of these hymns, being the fruit and expression of my own experience, will coincide with the views of real Christians of all denominations. But I cannot expect that every sentiment I have advanced will be universally approved of. However, I am not conscious of having written a single line with an intention either to flatter or offend any party or person upon earth. I have simply declared my own views and feelings as I might have done if I had composed hymns in some of the newly discovered islands in the South Sea, where no person had

P R E F A C E.

any knowledge of the name of Jesus, but myself. I am a friend of peace, and being deeply convinced that no one can profitably understand the great truths and doctrines of the gospel, any farther than he is taught of God, I have not a wish to obtrude my own tenets upon others, in a way of controversy: yet I do not think myself bound to conceal them. Many gracious persons (for many such I am persuaded there are) who differ from me, more or less, in those points which are called Calvinistic, appear desirous that the Calvinists should, for their sakes, studiously avoid every expression which they cannot approve. Yet few of them, I believe, impose a like restraint upon themselves, but think the importance of what they deem to be truth, justifies them in speaking their sentiments plainly and strongly. May I not have an equal liberty? The views I have received of the doctrines of grace are essential to my peace: I could not live comfortably a day or an hour without them. I likewise believe, yea, so far as my poor attainments warrant me to speak, I know them to be friendly to holiness, and to have a direct influence in producing and maintaining a gospel conversation, and therefore I must not be ashamed of them.

These Hymns are distributed into three Books. In the first I have classed those which are formed upon select passages of Scripture, and placed them in the order of the Books of the Old and New Testament. The second contains occasional hymns, suited to particular seasons, or suggested by particular events or subjects. The third Book is miscellaneous, comprising a variety of subjects, relative to a life of faith in the Son of God, which have no express reference either to a single text of scripture, or any determinate season or incident. These are farther subdivided into distinct heads. This arrangement is not so accurate, but that several of the hymns might have been differently disposed. Some attention to method may be found convenient, though a logical exactness was hardly practicable. As some subjects in the several books are nearly co-incident, I have, under the divisions in the third Book, pointed out those which are similar in the two former; and likewise, here and there, in the first and second, made reference to hymns of a like import in the third.

This publication, which, with my humble prayer to the Lord for his blessing upon it, I offer to the service and acceptance of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, of every name and in every place, into whose hands it may come. I more particularly dedicate it to my dear friends in the parish and neighbourhood of *Olney*, for whose use the hymns were originally composed, as a testimony of the sincere love I bear them, and as a token of my gratitude to the Lord, and to them for the comfort and satisfaction with which the discharge of my ministry among them has been attended.

The hour is approaching, and at my time of life cannot be very distant, when my heart, my pen, and my tongue, will no longer be able to move in their service. But I trust, while my heart continues to beat, it will feel a warm desire for the prosperity of their souls; and while my hand can write, and my tongue speak, it will be the business and pleasure of my life, to aim at promoting their growth and establishment in the grace of our God and Saviour. To this precious grace I commend them, and earnestly intreat them, and all who love his name, to strive mightily with his prayers to God for me, that I may be preserved faithful to the end, and enabled at last to finish my course with joy.

JOHN NEWTON

Olney, Bucks, Feb. 15, 1770.

OLNY HYMNS.

BOOK I.

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

GENESIS.

HYMN I. *ADAM*. Chap. iii.

- 1 **O**N man, in his own image made,
How much did God bestow ?
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him, lord below !
- 2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd
With sweets for ev'ry sense ;
And there with his descending Lord,
He walk'd in confidence.
- 3 But oh ! by sin how quickly chang'd !
His honour forfeited,
His heart from God and truth, estrang'd,
His conscience fill'd with dread !
- 4 Now from his Maker's voice he flees,
which was before his joy ;
And thinks to hide amidst the trees,
from an all-seeing eye.
- 5 Compell'd to answer to his name ;
With stubbornness and pride]
He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cry'd.
- 6 But grace, unask'd, his heart subdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave ;
By faith the promis'd seed he view'd,
And felt his pow'r to save.
- 7 Thus we ourselves would justify,
Though we the law transgress ;
Like him, unable to deny,
Unwilling to confess.
- 8 But when by faith the sinner sees.
A pardon bought with blood,
Then he forsakes his foolish pleas,
And gladly turns to God.

II. CAIN AND ABEL. *Chap. iv. 3 8.*

- 1 **W**HEN Adam fell, he quickly lost
 God's image which he once possest :
 See *All* our nature since could boast
 In Cain, his first born son express'd !
- 2 The Sacrifice the Lord ordain'd
 In type of the Redeemer's blood,
 Self-righteous reas'ning Cain disdain'd,
 And thought his own first-fruits as good.
- 3 Yet rage and envy fill'd his mind,
 When with a sullen downcast look,
 He saw his brother favourfind,
 Who God's appointed method took.
- 4 By Cain's own hand good Abel dy'd,
 Because the Lord approv'd his faith ;
 And, when his blood for vengeance cry'd,
 He vainly thought to hide his death.
- 5 Such was the wicked murd'rer Cain,
 And such by nature still are we,
 Until by grace we're born again,
 Malicious, blind, and proud, as he.
- 6 Like him the way of grace we slight
 And in our own devices trust,
 Call evil good, and darkness light,
 And hate and persecute the just.
- 7 The saints in ev'ry age and place,
 Have found his history fulfill'd ;
 The numbers all our thoughts surpass,
 Of Abels, whom the Cains have kill'd (1)!
- 8 Thus **J**ESUS fell—but oh ! his blood
 Far better things than Abel's cries : (2)
 Obtains his murd'ers peace with God,
 And gains them mansions in the skies.

III. (c) *Walking with God. Chap. v. 24:*

- 1 **O**H ! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the **L**ORD ?

(1) Rom. viii. 30.

(2) Heb. xii. 24:

- Where is the soul refreshing view
Of JESUS, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still?
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast:
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

IV. *Another.*

- 1 **B**Y faith in CHRIST I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod (1),
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desart wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide (2),
And will not let me miss my way.
- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand;
I triumph over all by faith (3),
Guarded by his Almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.
- 6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;

(1) Psalm xxiii. 4. (2) Psalm. cvii. (3) Psalm xxvii 1. 2.

At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

- 7 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end ;
Be this my choice, O Lord to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend ;

V. LOT *in Sodom.* Chap. xiii. 10.

- 1 **H**OW hurtful was the choice of Lot,
Who took up his abode
(Because it was a fruitful spot)
With them who fear not God !
- 2 A pris'ner he was quickly made,
Bereav'd of all his store ;
And, but for Abraham's timely aid,
He had return'd no more.
- 3 Yet still he seem'd resolv'd to stay,
As if it were his rest ;
Altho' their sins from day to day (1)
His righteous soul distress'd.
- 4 Awhile he stay'd with anxious mind,
Expos'd to scorn and strife ;
At last he left his all behind,
And fled to save his life.
- 5 In vain his sons in-law he warn'd,
They thought he told his dreams :
His daughters too, of him had learn'd,
And perish'd in the flames.
- 6 His wife escap'd a little way,
But dy'd for looking back :
Does not her case to pilgrims say,
" Beware of growing slack ?"
- 7 Yea Lot himself could ling'ring stand,
Tho' vengeance was in view ;
'Twas mercy pluck'd him by the hand,
Or he had perish'd too.
- 8 The doom of Sodom will be ours,
If to the earth we cleave ;
LORD quicken all our drowsy pow'rs,
To flee to thee and live.

(1) 2 Pct. ii, 8,

VI. (c) JEHOVAH-JIREH. *The LORD will provide.* Chap. xxii. 14.

- 1 **T**He saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.
- 2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,
God saw, and said, "Forbear;"
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there.
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand (1)
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to raise no more (2);
But God prepar'd a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the LORD.
- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And tho' it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

VII. *The LORD will provide.*

- 1 **T**HO' troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us,
The LORD will provide,
- 2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd

(1) Sam. xxiii. 7. (2) Jonah i 17.

- So long as'tis written,
The LORD will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost :
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The LORD will provide.
- 4 His call we obey,
Like Abra'am of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers
The LORD will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us,
'Though oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise,
The LORD will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions,
The LORD will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,
The LORD is our power,
The LORD will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,

This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us through :
 No fearing or doubting
 - With **CHRIST** on our side
 We hope to die shouting
 'The **LORD** will provide.

VIII. ESAU, *Chap. xxv. 34 Heb. xii. 16.*

- 1 **P**OR Esau repented too late,
 That once he his birth-right despis'd ;
 And sold for a morsel of meat,
 What could not too highly be priz'd :
 How great was his anguish when told,
 The *blessing* he sought to obtain,
 Was gone with the *birth-right* he sold,
 And none could recal it again !
- 2 He stands as a warning to all,
 Wherever the gospel shall come ;
 O hasten and yield to the call
 While yet for repentance there's room !
 Your season will quickly be past ;
 Then hear and obey it to-day,
 Lest when you seek mercy at last,
 The Saviour should frown you away.
- 3 What is it the world can propose ?
 A morsel of meat at the best !
 For this are you willing to lose
 A share in the joys of the blest ?
 Its pleasures will speedily end,
 Its favour and praise are but breath ;
 And what can its profits befriend
 Your soul in the moments of death ?
- 4 If Jesus for these you despise,
 And sin to the Saviour prefer ;
 In vain your intreaties and cries,
 When summon'd to stand at his bar :
 How will you his presence abide ?
 What anguish will torture your heart ;
 The saints all enthron'd by his side,
 And you be compell'd to depart.
- 5 Too often, dear Saviour, have I
 Preferr'd some poor trifle to thee ;
 How is it thou dost not deny
 The blessing and birth-right to me ?

No better than Esau I am,
 Though pardon and heav'n be mine ;
 To me belongs nothing but shame,
 The praise and the glory be thine.

IX. JACOB'S Ladder. *Chap.* xxviii. 12.

- 1 **I**F the LORD our leader be,
 We may follow without fear ;
 East or West, by land or sea,
 Home, with him is ev'ry where :
 When from Esau Jacob fled,
 Though his pillow was a stone,
 And the ground his humble bed,
 Yet he was not left alone.
- 2 Kings are often waking kept,
 Rack'd with cares on beds of state ;
 Never king like Jacob slept,
 For he lay at heav'ns gate :
 Lo ! he saw a Ladder rear'd,
 Reaching to the heav'nly throne ;
 At the top the Lord appear'd,
 Spake, and claim'd him for his own.
- 3 " Fear not Jacob, thou art mine,
 And my presence with thee goes ;
 On thy heart my love shall shine,
 And my arm subdue thy foes :
 From my promise comfort take,
 For my help in trouble call ;
 Never will I thee forsake,
 Till I have accomplish'd all."
- 4 Well does JACOB'S ladder suit
 To the gospel throne of grace ;
 We are at the ladder's foot,
 Ev'ry hour in ev'ry place :
 By assuming flesh and blood,
 JESUS heav'n and earth unites ;
 We by faith ascend to God (1) ;
 God to dwell with us delights.
- 5 They who know the Saviour's name,
 Are for all events prepar'd ;
 What can changes do to them,
 Who have such a guide and guard ?
 Should they traverse earth around,
 To the ladder still they come :

(1) 2. Cor. vi. 16.

Ev'ry spot is holy ground,
God is there—and he's their home.

X. *My name is JACOB.* Chap. xxxii. 27.

- 1 **N**AY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case,
- 2 Dost thou ask me, who I am ?
Ah. my LORD, thou know'st my name.†
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, LORD, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r ;
Mercy heard and set him free,
LORD, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou.
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead ,
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last !
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus sake.

XI. *Plenty in the time of death.* Chap. xli. 56.

- 1 **M**Y soul once had its plenteous years,
And throve, with peace and comfort
Like the fat kine and ripen'd ears, [fill'd,
Which Pharaoh in his dream beheld.
- 2 With pleasing frames and grace receiv'd,
With means and ordinances fed,
How happy for a while I liv'd,
And little fear'd the want of bread.
- 3 But famine came and left no sign
Of all the plenty I had seen ;

- Like the dry ears and half-starv'd kine,
I then look'd wither'd, faint and lean.
- 4 To Joseph the Egyptians went ;
To Jesus I made known my case ;
He, when my little stock was spent,
Open'd his magazine of grace.
- 5 For he the time of dearth foresaw,
And made provision long before ;
That famish'd souls, like me, might draw
Supplies from his unbounded store.
- 6 Now on his bounty I depend,
And live from fear of dearth secure ;
Maintain'd by such a mighty friend,
I cannot want till he is poor.
- 7 O sinners, hear his gracious call !
His mercy's door stands open wide ;
He has enough to feed you all,
And none who come shall be deny'd.

XII *Joseph made known to his brethren.* Chap.
xlv. 3. 4,

- 1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.
A while his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind ;
But, when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to shew himself kind.
- 2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told !
“ I am Joseph, your brother, he said,
And still to my heart you are dear,
You sold me and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here.”
- 3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.
“ Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did ?
And will he our households maintain ?
O this is a brother indeed !

- 4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
 And laden with guilt, to the Lord ;
 Surrounded with terror and shame,
 Unable to utter a word.
 At first he look'd stern and severe,
 What anguish then pierced my heart,
 Expecting each moment to hear
 'The sentence, " Thou cursed depart !"
- 5 But oh, what surprise when he spoke,
 While tenderness beam'd in his face ;
 My heart then to pieces was broke,
 O'er whelm'd and confounded by grace :
 " Poor sinner I know thee full well,
 By thee I was sold and was slain ;
 But I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,
 And raise thee in glory to reign.
- 6 I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
 And crucify'd often afresh ;
 But let me henceforth be esteem'd,
 Thy brother, thy bone, thy flesh :
 My pardon I freely bestow,
 Thy wants I will fully supply ;
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
 And soon will remove thee on high.
- 7 Go, publish to sinners around,
 That they may be willing to come,
 The mercy which now you have found,
 And tell them that yet there is room."
 Oh sinners, the message obey !
 No more vain excuses pretend ;
 But come without farther delay,
 To Jesus, our brother and friend.

E X O D U S.

XIII. *The bitter waters.* Chap. xv. 23—25.

- 1 **B**ITTER indeed the waters are
 Which in this desert flow ;
 Though to the eye they promise fair,
 They taste of sin and woe.
- 2 Of pleasing draughts I once could dream,
 But now awake, I find,
 That sin has poison'd every stream,
 And left a curse behind.

- 3 But there's a wonder working wood,
I've heard believers say,
Can make these bitter waters good,
And take the curse away.
- 4 The virtues of this healing tree
Are known and priz'd by few :
Reveal this secret, Lord to me,
That I may prize it too.
- 5 The cross on which the Saviour dy'd,
And conquer'd for his saints ;
This is the tree, by faith apply'd,
Which sweteens all complaints.
- 6 Thousands have found the bless'd effect,
Nor longer mourn their lot ;
While on his sorrow they reflect,
Our own are all forgot.
- 7 When they by faith, behold the cross,
Tho' many griefs they meet ;
They draw again from ev'ry loss,
And find the bitter sweet.

XIV. (c) JEHOVAH ROPHI—*I am the Lord
that healeth thee.* Chap. xv.

- 1 **H**EAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch ;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from the Lord !
- 3 Remember him who once apply'd
With trembling for relief ;
“ Lord, I believe, with tears he cry'd (1).
O help my unbelief.
- 4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace (2)
Thy faith hath made thee whole,
- 5 Conceal'd amidst the gathering,
She would have shun'd thy view ;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

(1) Mark ix 24.

(2) Mark v. 34.

- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
to touch thee if we may ;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

XV. MANNA. *Chap. xvi. 18.*

- 1 **M**ANNA to Israel well supply'd
The want of other bread ;
While God is able to provide,
His people shall be fed.
- 2 (Thus tho' the corn and wine should fail ;
And creature-streams be dry ;
The prayer of faith will still prevail,
For blessings from on high.)
- 3 Of this kind care how sweet a proof ?
It suited ev'ry taste :
Who gathered most had just enough,
Enough who gathered least.
- 4 'Tis our gracious Lord provides,
Our comforts and our cares ;
His own unerring hand provides,
And gives us each our shares.
- 5 He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry ;
The strongest have no strength to spare,
For such he'll strongly try.
- 6 Daily they saw the Manna come
And cover all the ground ;
But when they try'd to keep at home,
Corrupted soon was found.
- 7 Vain their attempt to store it up,
This was to tempt the Lord :
Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard.

XVI. *Manna boarded.* *Chap. xvi. 20.*

- 1 **T**HE Manna, favour'd Israel's meat,
Was gather'd day by day ;
When all the host was serv'd, the heat
Melted the rest away.
- 2 In vain to hoard it up they try'd,
Against to-morrow came ;
It then bred worms and putrify'd,
And prov'd their sin and shame.

- 3 'Twas daily bread and would not keep,
 But must be still renew'd ;
 Faith should not want a hoard or heap,
 But trust the Lord for food.
- 4 The truths by which the soul is fed,
 Must thus be had afresh,
 For notions resting in the head,
 Will only feed the flesh.
- 5 However true they have no life
 Or unction to impart ;
 They breed the worms of pride and strife,
 But cannot cheer the heart.
- 6 Nor can the best experience past,
 The life of faith maintain ;
 The brightest hope will faint at last,
 Unless supply'd again.
- 7 Dear Lord while we in prayer are found,
 Do thou the Manna give ;
 Oh ! let it fall on all around,
 That we may eat and live.

XVII. (c) JEHOVAH NISSI. *The Lord
 my banner.* Chap. xvii. 15.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliah fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
 No sword nor spear the stripping took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
 Who sent him to the fight
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
 To storm the invader's camp (1)
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp ?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,

(1) Judges, vii. 20.

God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord,
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal,
 My weapon from my side?
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.

XVIII. *The golden Calf.* Chap. xxxii. 4. 41.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel heard the fiery law,
 From Sinai's top proclaim'd,
 Their hearts seem'd full of holy awe,
 Their stubborn spirits tam'd.
- 2 Yet as forgetting all they knew,
 Ere forty days were past,
 With blazing Sinai still in view,
 A molten calf they cast.
- 3 Yea Aaron, God's anointed priest,
 Who on the mount had been,
 He durst prepare the idol beast,
 And lead them on to sin.
- 4 Lord, what is man, and what are we,
 To recompence thee thus!
 In their offence our own we see,
 Their story points at us.
- 5 From Sinai we heard thee speak,
 And from mount Calv'ry too;
 And yet to idols oft we seek,
 While thou art in our view.
- 6 Some golden calf, or golden dream,
 Some fancied creature-good,
 Presumes to share the heart with him,
 Who bought the whole with blood.
- 7 Lord, save us from our golden calves,
 Our sin with grief we own;
 We would no more be thine by halves,
 But live to thee alone.

L E V I T I C U S.

XIX. *The true Aaron.* Chap. viii. 7—9.

- 1 **S**EE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
 Within the vale appear,
 In robes of mystic meaning drest,
 Presenting Israel's prayer.
- 2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
 His holiness describes ;
 His breast displays in shining rows,
 The names of all the tribes.
- 3 With the atoning blood he stands
 Before the mercy-seat,
 And clouds of incense from his hands
 Arise with odour sweet.
- 4 Urim and Thummin near his heart,
 In rich engravings worn,
 The sacred light of truth impart,
 To teach and to adorn.
- 5 Through him, the eye of faith describes
 A greater Priest than he :
 Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
 For you my friends and me.
- 6 He bears the names of all his saints ;
 Deep on his heart engrav'd ;
 Attentive to the state and wants
 Of all his love has sav'd.
- 7 In him a holiness complete,
 Light and perfections shine,
 And wisdom, grace and glory meet ;
 A Saviour all divine.
- 8 The blood, which as a priest, he bears
 For sinners is his own ;
 The incense of his pray'rs and tears
 Perfume the holy throne.
- 9 In him my weary soul has rest,
 Though I am weak and vile ;
 I read my name upon his breast,
 And see the Father smile

NUMBERS.

XX BALAAM'S Wish, (1) *Chap.* xxiii. 10.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share
In such a happy death.
- 2 "Oh! let me die, said he,
The death the righteous do;
When life is ended, let me be
Found with the faithful few."
- 3 The force of truth, how great!
When enemies confess,
None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.
- 4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere:
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.
- 5 He seem'd the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth;
But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,
For none can serve them both.
- 6 May you my friends, and I,
Warning from hence receive;
If like the righteous we could die,
To choose the life they live.

— — —
JOSHUA.XXI. GIBEON. *Chap.* x. 6.

- 1 **W**HEN Joshua by God's command,
Invaded Canaan's guilty land,
Gibeon, unlike the nations round,
Submission made, and mercy found,
- 2 Their stubborn neighbours, who enrag'd,
United war against them wag'd,
By Joshua soon were overthrown,
For Gibeon's cause was now his own.
- 3 He from whose arm thy ruin fear'd,
Their leader and ally appear'd;
An emblem of the Saviour's grace,
To those who humbly seek his face.

(1) Book III. Hymn 71.

- 4 The men of Gibeon wore disguise,
And gain'd their peace by framing lies ;
For Joshua had no pow'r to spare,
If he had known from whence they were.
- 5 But Jesus invitations sends,
Treating with rebels as his friends,
And holds the promise forth in view,
To all who for his mercy sue.
- 6 Too long his goodness I disdain'd,
Yet went at last and peace obtain'd ;
But soon the noise of war I heard,
And former friends in arms appear'd.
- 7 Weak in myself for help I cry'd,
Lord I am press'd on ev'ry side ;
The cause is thine, they fight with me,
But ev'ry blow is aim'd at thee.
- 8 With speed to my relief he came,
And put my enemies to shame :
Thus sav'd by grace, I live to sing
The love and triumphs of my King.

—+—

J U D G E S.

XXII. (c) JEHOVAH-SHALEM—*The Lord
send peace.* Chap. vi. 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd,
To satisfy the laws demand ;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I stand.
- 2 To reconcile offending man,
Made Justice drop her angry rod ;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a God ?
- 3 No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserv'd the whole ;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty, but returning soul.
- 4 Peace by such means so dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to see ?
Peace by his injur'd Sovereign wrought,
His Sov'reign fast'ned to the tree.
- 5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare !
For strife with earth and hell begins ;

Confirm and gird me for the war,
They hate the soul that hates his sins.

- 6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord my peace.

XXIII. GIDEON'S *Fleece*. Chap. vi. 37—40.

- 1 **T**HE signs which God to Gideon gave.
His holy Sov'reignty make known;
That he alone has pow'r to save,
And claims the glory as his own.
- 2 The dew which first the fleece had fill'd,
When all the earth was dry around,
Was from it afterwards withheld,
And only fell upon the ground.
- 3 To Israel thus the heavenly dew
Of saving truth, was long restrain'd;
Of which the Gentiles nothing knew,
But dry and desolate remain'd.
- 4 But now the Gentiles have receiv'd
The balmy dew of gospel peace,
And Israel, who his spirit griev'd,
Is left a dry and empty fleece.
- 5 This dew still falls at his command,
To keep his chosen plants alive;
They shall, though in a thirsty land,
Like willows by the waters thrive (1)
- 6 But chiefly when his people meet,
To hear his word and seek his face:
The gentle dew, with influence sweet,
Descends and nourishes their grace.
- 7 But ah! what numbers still are dead,
Though under means of grace they lie!
The dew still falling round their head,
And yet their heart untouch'd and dry,
- 8 Dear Saviour, hear us when we call;
To wrestling pray'r an answer give;
Pour down thy dew upon us all,
That all may feel, and all may live.

XXIV. SAMPSON'S *Lion*. Chap. xiv. 8.

- 1 **T**HE lion that on Sampson roar'd,
And thirsted for his blood:

(1) Haiah xlv. 4.

- With honey afterwards was stor'd,
And furnish'd him with food.
- 2 Believers, as they pass along,
With many lions meet,
But gather sweetness from the strong,
And from the eater, meat.
- 3 The lions rage and roar in vain,
For Jesus is their shield ;
Their losses prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.
- 4 The world and Satan join their strength,
To fill their souls with fears ;
But crops of joy they reap at length,
From what they sow in tears.
- 5 Afflictions make them love the word,
Stir up their hearts to pray'r ;
And many precious proofs afford,
Of their Redeemer's care.
- 6 The lions roar, but cannot kill ;
Then fear them not my friends,
They bring us, though against their will,
The honey Jesus sends.

I. S A M U E L.

XXV. HANNAH. *or the Throne of Grace.*
Chap. 1. 18.

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r ;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there :
Like her in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad ;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad :
In trouble what a resting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace.
- 3 Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour ;
The saints from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r ;

Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

- 4 Eli her case mistook,
How was her spirit mov'd
By his unkind rebuke?
But God her cause approv'd.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.
- 5 She was not fill'd with wine,
As Eli rashly thought;
But with a faith divine,
And found the help she sought:
Though men despise and call us base,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.
- 6 Men have not pow'r or skill,
With troubled souls to bear:
Though they express good will,
Poor comforters they are:
But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.
- 7 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Nor yet one been deny'd,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace;
And hasten to the throne of grace.
- 8 As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air;
But soon are put to flight,
If the right sun appear;
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
By shining from the throne of grace (1)

XXVI. DAGON *before the ark.* Chap. v. 4. 5.

- 1 **W**HEN first to make my heart his own,
The Lord reveal'd his mighty grace,
Self reign'd, like Dagon, on the throne,
But could not long maintain its place,
- 2 It fell, and own'd the pow'r divine;
(Grace can with ease the vict'ry gain)
But soon this wretched heart of mine
Contriv'd to set it up again.

(1) Book II. Hymn 61.

- 3 Again the lord his name proclaim'd,
 And brought the hateful idol low ;
 Then self, like Dagon, broken, maim'd,
 Seemed to receive a mortal blow.
- 4 Yet self is not of life bereft,
 Nor ceases to oppose his will ;
 Tho' but a maimed stump be left,
 'Tis Dagon, 'tis an Idol still.
- 5 Lord ! must I always guilty prove,
 And idols in my heart have room ? (1)
 Oh ! Let the fire of heav'nly love,
 The very stump of self consume.

XXVII. *The milch Kine drawing the Ark ; Faith's
 surrender of all.* Chap. vi. 12.

- 1 **T**HE kine unguided went
 By the directed road,
 When the Philistines homeward sent
 The ark of Israel's God.
- 2 Lowing they pass'd along,
 And left their calves shut up :
 They felt an instinct for their young,
 But would not turn or stop.
- 3 Shall brute devoid of thought,
 Their maker's will obey ;
 And we, who by his grace are taught,
 More stubborn prove than they ?
- 4 He shed his precious blood
 To make us his alone ;
 If wash'd in that atoning flood,
 We are no more our own.
- 5 If he his will reveal,
 Let us obey his call ;
 And think, whate'er the flesh may feel,
 His loves deserves our all.
- 6 We should maintain in view
 His glory, as our end ;
 Too much we cannot bear, or do,
 For such a matchless friend.
- 7 His saints should stand prepar'd
 In duty's path to run ;
 Nor count his greatest trials hard,
 So that his will be done.

(1) Hosea, xvii. 8.

8 With Jesus for our guide,
 The path is safe though rough ;
 The promise says, " I will provide,"
 And faith replies, " Enough !"

XXVIII. SAUL'S *Armour*. Chap. xvii. 38—40.

- 1 **W**HEN first my soul enlisted
 My Saviour's foes to fight ;
 Mistaken friends insisted
 I was not arm'd aright :
 So Saul advised David
 He certainly would fail ;
 Nor could his life be saved
 Without a coat of mail.
- 2 But David, though he yielded,
 To put the armour on,
 Soon found he could not wield it,
 And ventur'd forth with none.
 With only sling and pebble
 He fought the fight of faith ;
 The weapons seem'd but feeble,
 Yet prov'd Goliath's death.
- 3 Had I by him been guided.
 And quickly thrown away
 The armour men provided,
 I might have gain'd the day ;
 But arm'd as they advis'd me,
 My expectations fail'd ;
 My enemy surpriz'd me,
 And had almost prevail'd.
- 4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
 And arguments and pride ;
 I practis'd all my motions,
 And Satan's pow'r defy'd
 But soon perceiv'd with trouble,
 That these would do no good ;
 Iron to them is stubble, (1)
 And brass like rotten wood.
- 5 I triumph'd at a distance
 While he was out of sight,
 But faint was my resistance
 When forc'd to join in fight ;
 He broke my sword in shivers,
 And pierc'd my boasted shield ;

(1) Job, xli. 27.

Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
And drove me from the field.

- 6 Satan will not be braved
By such a worm as I:
Then let me learn with David,
To trust in the Most High;
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of pray'r;
Thus arm'd, when Satan sees us
He'll tremble and despair.

II. S A M U E L.

XXIX. DAVID'S *fall*. Chap. xi. 27.

- 1 **H**OW David, when by sin deceiv'd
From bad to worse went on!
For when the Holy Spirit's griev'd
Our strength and guard are gone.
- 2 His eye on Bathsheba once fix'd,
With poison fill'd his soul;
He ventur'd on adult'ry next,
And murder crown'd the whole.
- 3 So from a spark of fire at rest,
That has not been descry'd;
A dreadful flame had often burst,
And ravag'd far and wide.
- 4 When sin deceives, it hardens too,
For tho' he vainly sought
To hide his crimes from public view,
Of God he little thought.
- 5 He neither would, nor could repent,
No true compunction felt;
'Till God in mercy Nathan sent,
His stubborn heart to melt.
- 6 The parable held forth a fact,
Design'd his case to shew;
But tho' the picture was exact,
Himself he did not know.
- 7 "Thou art the man," the prophet said;
That word his slumber broke;
And when he own'd his sin and pray'd
The Lord forgiveness spoke.

- 8 Let those who think they stand beware,
 For David stood before ;
 Nor let the fallen soul despair
 For mercy can restore.

XXX. *Is this thy kindness to thy friend.*

Chap. xvi. 17.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
 I have a rich almighty Friend ;
 Jesus the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves and without end,
 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
 And by his pow'r my foes controll'd ;
 He found me, wand'ring far from God,
 And brought me to his chosen fold.
 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthron'd with him above the skies :
 Oh ! what a friend is Christ to me.
 4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,
 To think of my perverse returns ;
 I've been a faithless friend to him,
 5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
 Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
 And often Satan's lies believe,
 Sooner than all my Friend can say.
 6 He bids me always freely come,
 And promises whate'er I ask :
 But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
 And count my privilege a task.
 7 Before the world that hates his cause,
 My teach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame ;
 Loth to forego the world's applause,
 I hardly dare avow his name.
 8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
 I could not thus my Friend requite !
 And were not he the God of grace,
 He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

I. KINGS.

XXXI. *Ask what I shall give thee.* Chap. iii. 5.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;

- He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King, (1)
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face ;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

XXXII. *Another.*

- 1 **I**F Solomon for wisdom pray'd,
The Lord before had made him wise ;
Else he another choice had made,
And ask for what the wordlings prize.
- 2 Thus he invites his people still,
He first instructs them how to choose ;
Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
Assur'd that he will not refuse.
- 3 Our wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain ;
Before we feel the Saviour's love,
Kindle our love to him again.
- 4 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place ;

(1) Psalm lxxxix. 10.

- Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.
- 5 And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.
- 6 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 7 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
'To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length,
- 8 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

XXXIII. *Another.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see;
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold.
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and pow'r can bless;
To praying souls he always grants,
More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supply'd.
- 6 Thine image Lord bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;

I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

7 Teach me to live by faith,
Comform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

8 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be ;
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

XXXIV. *Queen of SHEBA.* Chap. x. 1—9.

1 **F**ROM Sheba a distant report
Of Solomon's glory and fame,
Invited the queen to his court,
But all was outdone when she came ;
She cry'd, with a pleasing surprize,
When first she before him appear'd,
"How much, what I see with my eyes,
"Surpasses the rumour I heard!"

2 When once to Jerusalem come,
The treasure and train she had brought ;
The wealth she possessed at home,
No longer had place in her thought :
His house, *his* attendants, *his* throne,
All struck her with wonder and awe :
The glory of Solomon shone,
In ev'ry object she saw.

3 But Solomon most she admir'd,
Whose spirit conducted the whole ;
His wisdom, which God, had inspir'd,
His bounty and greatness of soul ;
Of all the hard questions she put,
A ready solution he shew'd ;
Exceeded her wish and her suit,
And more than she ask'd him bestow'd.

4 Thus I when the gospel proclaim'd
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wisdom for which he is fam'd,
The love which to sinners he bears :
I long'd, and I was not deny'd,
That I in his presence might bow ;
I saw and transported I cry'd,
"A greater than Solomon Thou!"

- 5 My conscience no comfort could find,
 By doubt and hard questions oppos'd :
 But he restor'd peace to my mind,
 And answered each doubt I propos'd :
 Beholding me poor and distress'd,
 His bounty supply'd all my wants ;
 My pray'r could have never express'd,
 So much as this Solomon grants.
- 6 I heard, and was slow to believe,
 But now with my eyes I behold,
 Much more than my heart could conceive,
 Or language could ever have told :
 How happy thy servants must be,
 Who always before thee appear !
 Vouchsafe, Lord, this blessing to me,
 I find it is good to be here.

XXXV. *ELIJAH fed by Ravens* (1) Chap.
 xvi. 6.

- 1 **E**LIJAH's example declares,
 Whatever distress may betide ;
 The saints may commit all their cares
 To him who will surely provide :
 When rain long withheld from the earth
 Occasion'd a famine of bread ;
 The prophet secured from the dearth,
 By ravens was constantly fed.
- 2 More likely to rob than to feed,
 Were ravens who live upon prey ;
 But when the Lord's people have need,
 His goodness will find out a way :
 This instance to those may seem strange,
 Who know not how faith can prevail ;
 But sooner all nature shall change,
 Than one of God's promises fail.
- 3 Nor is it a singular case,
 The wonder is often renew'd ;
 And many can say to his praise,
 He sends them by ravens their food :
 Thus wordlings though ravens indeed,
 Though greedy and selfish their mind.
 If God has a servant to feed.
 Against their own wills can be kind.

(1) Book III. Hymn 47.

- 4 Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
 Who croaks in the ears of the saints ;
 Compell'd by a pow'r unseen,
 Administers oft to their wants.
 God teaches them how to find food
 From all the temptations they feel ;
 'This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
 Has help'd me to many a meal.
- 5 How safe and how happy are they
 Who on the good Shepherd rely !
 He gives them out strength for their day,
 'Their wants he will surely supply :
 He ravens and lions can tame,
 All creatures obey his command ;
 'Then let me rejoice in his name,
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

XXXVI. *The meal and cruise of oil.* Chap. xvii. 16.

- 1 **B**Y the poor widow's oil and meal
 Elijah was sustain'd ;
 Though small the stock it lasted well,
 For God the store maintain'd.
- 2 It seem'd as if from day to day,
 They were to eat and die ;
 But still, though in a secret way,
 He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to his poor he still will give
 Just for the present hour ;
 But for to-morrow they must live
 Upon his word and pow'r.
- 4 No barn or storehouse they possess,
 On which they can depend ;
 Yet have no cause to fear distress,
 For Jesus is their friend.
- 5 Then let not doubts your mind assail,
 Remember, God has said,
 "The cruise and barrel shall not fail,
 "My people shall be fed."
- 6 And thus, though faint it often seems,
 He keeps their grace alive ;
 Supply'd by his refreshing streams,
 Their dying hopes revive.
- 7 Though in ourselves we have no stock,
 The Lord is nigh to save ;
 His door flies open when we knock,
 And 'tis but ask and have.

II. KINGS.

XXXVIII. JERICHO ; *Or, the waters healed.*
Chap. ii. 19—22.

1 **T**HOUGH Jericho pleasantly stood,
And look'd like a promising soil ;
The harvest produc'd little food,
To answer the husbandman's toil.
The water some property had,
Which poisonous prov'd to the ground ;
The springs were corrupted and bad,
The streams spread a barrenness round.

2 But soon by the cruise and the salt,
Prepar'd by Elisha's command ;
The water was cur'd of its fault,
And Plenty enriched the land :
An emblem sure this of the grace
On fruitless dead sinners bestow'd ;
For man is in Jericho's case,
Till cur'd by the mercy of God.

3 How noble a creature he seems !
What knowledge, invention and skill !
How large and extensive his schemes !
How much can he do if he will !
His zeal to be learned and wise,
Will yield to no limits or bars ;
He measures the earth and the skies,
And numbers and marshals the stars.

4 Yet still he is barren of good ;
In vain are his talents and art ;
For sin has infected his blood,
And poison'd the streams of his heart :
Tho' cockatrice eggs he can hatch (1) ;
Or, spider like, cobwebs can weave ;
'Tis madness to labour and watch
For what will destroy or deceive.

5 But grace, like the salt in the cruise,
When cast in the spring of the soul ;
A wonderful change will produce,
Diffusing new life thro' the whole :
The wilderness blooms like the rose,
The heart which was vile and abhor'd ;
Now fruitful and beautiful grows,
The garden and joy of the Lord.

(1) Isaiah lix. 5.

XXXVIII. NAAMAN. *Chap. v. 14.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Elisha's gate
 The Syrian leper stood,
 But could not brook to wait,
 He deem'd himself too good :
 He thought the prophet would attend,
 And not *to him* a message send.
- 2 Have ! this journey come,
 And will he not be seen ?
 I were as well at home,
 Would washing make me clean
 Why must I wash in Jordan's flood ?
 Damascus rivers are as good.
- 3 Thus by his foolish pride
 He almost miss'd a cure,
 Howe'er at length he try'd,
 And found the method sure :
 Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
 His Leprosy was quickly heal'd.
- 4 Leprous and proud as he,
 To Jesus thus I came :
 From sin to set me free,
 When first I heard his fame :
 Surely, thought I, my pompous train
 Of vows and tears will notice gain.
- 5 My heart devis'd the way
 Which I suppos'd he'd take ;
 And when I found delay,
 Was ready to go back :
 Had he some painful task enjoin'd,
 I to performance seem'd inclin'd.
- 6 When by his word he spake,
 That fountain open'd see ;
 'Twas open'd for thy sake,
 " Go wash and thou art free :"
 Oh ! how did my proud heart gainsay,
 I fear'd to trust this simple way.
- 7 At length I trial made,
 When I had much endur'd ;
 The message I obey'd,
 I wash'd, and I was cur'd :
 Sinners this healing fountain try,
 Which cleans'd a wretch so vile as I,

XXXIX. *The borrowed axe.* Chap. iv. 5. 6.

- 1 **T**HE prophet's sons in time of old,
 Tho' to appearance poor ;
 Were rich without possessing gold,
 And honour'd tho' obscure.
- 2 In peace their daily bread they eat,
 By honest labour earn'd ;
 While daily at Elisha's feet,
 They grace and wisdom learned.
- 3 The prophet's presence cheer'd their toil,
 They watch'd the words he spoke ;
 Whither they turn'd the furrow'd soil,
 Or fell'd the spreading oak.
- 4 Once as they listen'd to his theme,
 Their conference was stopp'd ;
 For one beneath the yielding stream,
 A borrow'd axe had dropp'd.
- 5 " Alas ! it was not mine, he said,
 How shall I make it good ?"
 Elisha heard, and when he pray'd,
 The iron swam like wood.
- 6 If God, in such a small affair,
 A miracle performs ;
 It shews his condescending care
 Of poor unworthy worms.
- 7 Tho' kings and nations in his view
 Are but as motes and dust ;
 His eye and ear are fix'd on you,
 Who in his mercy trust.
- 8 Not one concern of ours is small,
 If we belong to him ;
 To teach us this, the Lord of all,
 Once made the iron swim.

XL. *More with us than with them.* Chap. vi. 16.

- 1 **A**LAS ! Elisha's servant cry'd,
 When he the Syrian army spy'd ;
 But he was soon releas'd from care,
 In answer to the prophet's pray'r.
- 2 Straightway he saw, with other eyes,
 A greater army from the skies,
 A fiery guard around the hill
 Thus are the saints preserved still.

- 3 When Satan and his host appear,
Like him of old, I faint and fear ;
Like him, by faith, with joy I see,
A greater host engag'd for me.
- 4 The saints espouse my cause by pray'r,
Their angels make my soul their care ;
Mine is the promise seal'd with blood,
And Jesus lives to make it good.

I. CHRONICLES.

XLI. *Faith's review and expectations*

Chap. xvii. 16. 17.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

NEHEMIAH.

LII. *The joy of the LORD is your strength.*

Chap. ix. 10.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;

- All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone,
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love ;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine ;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's ?
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

J O B.

XLIII. *O that I were as in months past !*
Chap. xxix. 2.

- 1 **S**WEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd.
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine :
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
 Of what his love had done ;
 But now my heart is almost broke,
 For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns :
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.
- 7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For Jesus hides his face ;
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And make my soul his prey ;
 Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
 O come without delay.

XLIV. *The change.* (1)

- 1 **S**AVIOUR shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive ;
 Make my wounded spirits whole,
 Far away the tempter drive :
 Speak the word and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.
- 2 Shall I sigh and pray in vain,
 Wilt thou still refuse to hear ;
 Wilt thou not return again,
 Must I yield to black despair ?
 Thou hast taught my heart to pray,
 Canst thou turn thy face away ?
- 3 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fix'd no more to move ;
 Then thy grace was all my song,
 Then my soul was fill'd with love :
 Those were happy golden days,
 Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.
- 4 When my friends have said, " Beware,
 Soon or late you'll find a change ;"
 I could see no cause for fear,
 Vain their caution seem'd and strange :
 Not a cloud obscur'd my sky,
 Could I think a tempest nigh ?

(1) Book II. Hymn 54. and Book III. Hymn 86.

- 5 Little, then, myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's pow'r :
 Now I find their words were true,
 Now I feel the stormy hour :
 Sin has put my joys to flight,
 Sin has chang'd my day to night.
- 6 Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
 "Boaster, were is now your God?"
 Silence, Lord, this cruel foe.
 Let him know I am bought with blood ;
 Tell him, since, I know thy name,
 Though I change, thou art the same.

P S A L M S.

XLV. *Pleading for mercy.* Psalm vi.

- 1 **I**N mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
 Thy feeble worm, my God !
 My spirit dreads thine angry look,
 And trembles at thy rod.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
 Regard my heavy groans ;
 O let thy voice of comfort speak,
 And heal my broken bones !
- 3 By day my busy beating head
 Is fill'd with anxious fears ;
 By night upon my restless bed,
 I weep a flood of tears.
- 4 Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
 Mine eyes grew dull with grief ;
 How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
 And bring my soul relief ?
- 5 O come and shew thy pow'r to save,
 And spair my fainting breath ;
 For who can praise thee in the grave,
 Or sing thy name in death ?
- 6 Satan, my cruel envious foe,
 Insults me in my pain :
 He smiles to see me brought so low,
 And tells me hope in vain.
- 7 But hence, thou enemy depart !
 Nor tempt me to despair,

My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
The Lord has heard my pray'r.

XLVI. *None upon earth I desire besides thee.*

Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness with me ;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strives in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind ;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, If indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me unto thee on high,
When winter and clouds are no more.

XLVII. *The believer's safety.* Psalm xci.

- 1 **I**NCARNATE God ! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious pow'r ;
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love,
To feeble helpless worms,

- A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and storms.
- 3 In vain the fowler spreads his net,
To draw them from thy care ;
Thy timely call instructs their feet,
To shun the artful snare.
- 4 When like a baneful pestilence,
Sin mows its thousands down ;
On ev'ry side without defence,
Thy grace secures thine own.
- 5 No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day ;
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
If found in duty's way.
- 6 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms ;
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.
- 7 The angel's Lord, himself is nigh,
To them that love his name ;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.
- 8 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here ;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear ?

XLVIII. *Another.*

- 1 **T**HAT man no guard or weapons needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows ;
But safe may pass if duty leads,
Through burning sands or mountain snows.
- 2 Releas'd from guilt he feels no fear ;
Redemption is his shield and tow'r ,
He sees his Saviour always near
To help in ev'ry trying hour.
- 3 Though I am weak and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries ;
When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.
- 4 His love possessing I am bless'd,
Secure whatever change may come ;
Whether I go to East or West,
With him I still shall be at home,

- 5 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
 Tho' winter reigns with rigour there ;
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
 And make a spring throughout the year.
- 6 Or if the desarts sun-burnt soil,
 My lonely dwelling e'er should prove ;
 His presence would support my toil ;
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

XLIX. *He led them a right way.* Psal. cvii. 7.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, was from Egypt freed,
 The Lord, who brought them out,
 Help'd them in ev'ry time of need,
 But led them round about. (1)
- 2 'To enter Canaan soon they hop'd,
 But quickly chang'd their mind ;
 When the Red-sea their passage stopp'd,
 And Pharaoh march'd behind.
- 3 The desert fill'd them with alarms,
 For water and for food ;
 And Amalek, by force of arms,
 To check their progress stood.
- 4 They often murmur'd by the way,
 Because they judg'd by sight ;
 But were at length constrain'd to say
 The Lord had led them right.
- 5 In the Red-sea that stopp'd them first,
 Their enemies were drown'd ?
 The rocks gave water for their thirst,
 And manna spread the ground.
- 6 By fire and cloud their way was shown
 Across the pathless sands :
 And Amalek was overthrown,
 By Moses' lifted hand.
- 7 The way was right their hearts to prove,
 To make God's glory known :
 And shew his wisdom, pow'r and love,
 Engag'd to save his own.
- 8 Just so the true believer's path,
 Through many dangers lies ;
 Tho' dark to sense, 'tis right to faith,
 And leads us to the skies.

(1) Exodus xiii. 17.

L. *What shall I render.* (1) Psal. cxvi. 12, 13.

1 **F**OR mercies, countless as the sands
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul what can'st thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make,
For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor;
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

LI. *Dwelling in Mesech.* Psalm cxx. 5—7.

1 **W**HAT a mournful life is mine,
Fill'd with crosses, pains and cares!
Ev'ry work defil'd with sin,
Ev'ry step beset with snares!

2 If alone I pensive sit
I myself can hardly bear;
If I pass along the street,
Sin and riot triumph there.

3 Jesus! how my heart is pain'd,
How it mourns for souls deceiv'd!
When I heard thy name profan'd,
When I see thy Spirit griev'd!

4 When thy children's griefs I view,
Their distress becomes my own;
All I hear, or see, or do,
Makes me tremble, weep and groan.

5 Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Saviour's voice:
"Thou hast cause to mourn for sin,
But in me thou may'st rejoice."

(1) Book III Hymn 67.

- 6 This kind word dispell'd my grief,
Put to silence my complaints ;
Tho' of sinners I am the chief,
He has rank'd me with his saints.
- 7 Tho' constrain'd to dwell awhile
Where the wicked strive and brawl ;
Let them frown, so he but smile,
Heav'n will make amends for all.
- 8 There, believers, we shall rest,
Free from sorrow, sin and fears ;
Nothing there our peace molest,
Thro' eternal rounds of years.
- 9 Let us then the sight endure,
See our Captain looking down ;
He will make the conquest sure,
And bestow the promis'd crown.



P R O V E R B S .

LII. (c) *Wisdom.* Chap. viii. 22.—31.

- 1 **E**RE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills ;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills ;
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM,
Found pleasure never wasting,
And wisdom is my name.
- 2 When like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad :
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood ;
He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with him then :
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine the sons of men.
- 3 Thus wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race !
'Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above ;

In wisdom thou hast made us,
And dy'd for us in love.

- 4 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we !
Who, when we saw thee slighted,
And nail'd thee to a tree !
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine !
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, " Sinner I am thine !"

LIII. *A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*

Chap. xviii. 24.

- 1 **O**NE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood !
But our Jesus dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd, in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 Men, when rais'd to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more ;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Tho' they valu'd them before :
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeem'd with groans.
- 4 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same ;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 5 Could we bear from one another,
What he daily bears from us ?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother,
Loves us tho' we treat him thus :
Tho' for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

- 6 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above.
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.



ECCLESIASTES.

LIV. *Vanity of Life.* (1) Chap. i. 2.

- 1 **T**HE evils that beset our path
 Who can prevent our cure ?
 We stand upon the brink of death ;
 When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to day, sweet peace possess,
 It soon may be withdrawn ;
 Some change may plunge us in distress,
 Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
 And find an easy prey ;
 And oft, when least expected, wealth
 Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 A fever or a blow can shake
 Our wisdom's boasted rule ;
 And of the brightest genius make,
 A madman or a fool.
- 5 The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
 Produce us only pain ;
 A worm unseen attacks the root,
 And all our hopes are vain.
- 6 I pity those who seek no more
 Than such a world can give ;
 Wretched they are, and blind and poor,
 And dying while they live.
- 7 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
 And creatures fade and die ;
 Lord wean our hearts from things below,
 And fix our hopes on high.

LV. (c) *Vanity of the World.*

- 1 **G**OD gives his mercies to be spent ;
 Your hoard will do your soul no good ;
 (1) Book II. Hymn 6.

- Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.
- 2 The world's esteem is but a bribe,
To buy their peace you sell your own;
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known
- 3 The joy that vain amusements give,
Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!
The honey of a crouded hive,
Defended by a thousand stings.
- 4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treach'rous smiles;
She leads them, blindfool, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.
- 5 God knows the thousands who go down
From pleasure, into endless woe;
And with a long despairing groan,
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.
- 6 O fearful thought! be timely wise;
Delight but in a Saviour's charms;
And God shall take you to the skies,
Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

LVI. *Vanity of the creature sacrificed.*

- 1 **H**ONEY though the bee prepares,
An envenom'd sting he wears:
Piercing thorns a guard compose
Round the fragrant blooming rose.
- 2 Where we think to find a sweet,
Oft a painful sting we meet.
When the rose invites our eye,
We forget the thorn is nigh.
- 3 Why are thus our hopes beguil'd;
Why are all our pleasures spoil'd?
Why do agony and woe
From our choicest comforts grow?
- 4 Sin has been the cause of all?
'Twas not thus before the fall:
What but pain, and thorn, and sting
From the root of sin can spring?
- 5 Now with ev'ry good we find
Vanity and grief entwin'd;

What we feel, or what we fear,
All our joys embitter here.

6 Yet through the Redeemer's love,
These afflictions blessings prove ;
He the wounding stings and thorns,
Into healing med'cines turns.

7 From the earth our hearts they wean,
Teach us on his arm to lean ;
Urge us to a throne of grace,
Make us seek a resting place.

8 In the mansions of our King
Sweets abound without a sting ;
Thornless there the roses blow,
And the joys unmingled flow.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

LVII. *The name of JESUS.* Chap. i. 3.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear ?
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 JESUS ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

 I S A I A H.

LVIII. (c) O LORD, *I will praise thee!*
 Chap. xii.

- 1 **I** Will praise thee ev'ry day
 Now thine anger's turn'd away !
 Comfortable thoughts arise
 From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here in the fair gospel field,
 Wells of free salvation yield
 Streams of life, a plenteous store,
 And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
 My salvation and my strength ;
 And his praises shall prolong,
 While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
 Publish his exalted fame !
 Still his worth your praise exceeds,
 Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again thy joyful sound,
 Let the nations roll it round !
 Zion shout, for this is he,
 God the Saviour dwells in thee.

LIX. *The refuge, River, and Rock of the Church.*
 Chap. xxxii. 2

- 1 **H**E who on earth as man was known,
 And bore our sins and pains ;
 Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
 The God of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
 With an unerring skill ;
 And countless worlds extended wide,
 Obey his sov'reign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
 In yonder world above ;
 His saints on earth admire his ways,
 And glory in his love.

- 4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms;
Affords a hiding-place and shield,
From enemies and storms.
- 5 This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow
Their thirst to satisfy.
- 6 When troubles like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To his almighty Rock they run.
And find a pleasing shade.
- 7 How glorious he! how happy they
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

LX. *Zion, or the city of God.* (1) Chap.
xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken, (2)
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode: (3)
On the rock of ages founded (4)
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvations walls surrounded (5)
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love; (6)
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the clouds and fire appear! (7)
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Shewing that the Lord is near:
'Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;

(1) Book II. Hymn 24.

(2) Psalm lxxxvii 3.

(3) Psalm cxxxii. 14.

(4) Matt. xvi. 16.

(5) Isaiah xxvi. 1.

(6) Psalm xlvi. 4.

(7) Isaiah iv. 5, 6.

Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God : (1)
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.-

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

LXI. *Look unto me, and be ye saved.*
Chap. xlv. 22.

1 **A**S the serpent rais'd by Moses (2)
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight ;
Hear his gracious invitation,
" I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner look to me and live.

2 Pore upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt ;
But my love than death is stronger,
I my blood have freely spilt :
'Tho' your heart has long been harden'd,
Look on me—it soft shall grow :
Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
And I'll wash you white as snow.

3 I have seen what you were doing,
Tho' you little thought of me ;
You were madly bent on ruin,
But I said—It shall not be :
You had been for ever wretched,
Had I not espous'd your part ;

(1) Rev. i. 6.

(2) Numbers xxi. 9.

Now behold my arms outstretched,
To receive you to my heart.

4 Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
All your inward passions move ;
I could crush thee with my thunder,
But I speak to thee in love :
See ! your sins are all forgiv'n,
I have paid the countless sum !
Now my death has open'd heav'n,
Thither you shall shortly come."

5 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death ;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith :
From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal ;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls can heal.

LXII. *The good Physician.*

1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul !
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch me from the grave ;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd with sin ;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within :
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness—all combin'd ;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain :
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
 How matchless is his grace !
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
 'Then bid me look unto him ;
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith ;
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look and live.

LXIII. *To the afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted.* Chap. liv. 5. 11.

1 **P**ENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,
 Hear what Christ the Saviour says ;
 Ev'ry word should joy impart,
 Change thy mourning into praise ;
 Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee,
 May he help thee to believe !
 Then thou presently will see,
 Thou hast little cause to grieve.

2 " Fear thou not, nor be asham'd,
 All thy sorrows soon shall end ;
 I who heav'n and earth have fram'd,
 Am thy husband and thy friend :
 I the High and holy One,
 Israel's God by all ador'd ;
 As thy Saviour will be known,
 Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

3 For a moment I withdrew,
 And thy heart was fill'd with pain ;
 But my mercies I'll renew,
 Thou shalt soon rejoice again :
 Though I seem to hide my face,
 Very soon my wrath shall cease ;
 'Tis but for a moment's space,
 Ending in eternal peace.

4 When my peaceful bow appears (1)
 Painted on the wat'ry cloud :

(1) Gen. ix. 13. 14.

'Tis to dissipate thy fears,
 Lest the earth should be o'erflow'd :
 'Tis an emblem too of grace,
 Of my cov'nant love a sign :
 Though the mountains leave their place,
 Thou shalt be for ever mine.

- 5 Though afflicted, tempest-toss'd,
 Comfortless a while thou art,
 Do not think thou canst be lost,
 Thou art graven on my heart :
 All thy wastes I will repair,
 'Thou shalt be rebuilt anew :
 And in thee it shall appear
 What a God of love can do."

LXIV. (c) *The contrite heart.* Chap. lvii. 16.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow :
 Then tell me gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart or no ?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain.
 Insensible as steel ;
 If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.

- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee, if I cou'd ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.

- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

- 5 Thy saints are comforted I know,
 And love thy house of pray'r ;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.

- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

LXV. (c) *The future peace and glory of the church.*
 Chap. lx. 15—20.

- 2 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 O my people faint and few ;

Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you :
 Themes of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways :
 You shall name your walls, salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures, without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :
 Still in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel impression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But your griefs, for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

J E R E M I A H.

LXVI. *Trust of the wicked and the righteous compared.* Chap. xvii. 5—8.

1 **A**S parched in the barren sands
 Beneath a burning sky ;
 The worthless bramble with'ring stands,
 And only grows to die.

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,
 Who makes the world his trust ;
 And dares his confidence to place
 In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,
 And dries his moisture up ;
 He lives a while, but bears no fruit,
 Then dies without a hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend
 Upon the Lord alone ;
 The soul that trusts in such a friend,
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 5 Though gourds should wither, cisterns break,
 And creature-comforts die ;
 No change his solid hope can shake,
 Or stop his sure supply.
- 6 So thrives and blooms the tree whose roots
 By constant streams are fed ;
 Array'd in green, and rich in fruits,
 It rears its branching head.
- 7 It thrives tho' rain should be deny'd ;
 And drought around prevail ;
 'Tis planted by a river side,
 Whose waters cannot fail.

LXVII. (c) JEHOVAH *our righteousness.*
 Chap. xxiii. 6.

- 1 **M**Y God how perfect are thy ways !
 But mine polluted are ;
 Sin twines itself about my praise,
 And slides into my prayer.
- 2 I would speak what thou hast done
 To save me from my sin,
 I cannot make thy mercies known,
 But self-applause creeps in.
- 3 Divine desire that holy flame
 Thy grace creates in me ;
 Alas ! impatience is its name,
 When it returns to thee.
- 4 This heart a fountain of vile thoughts,
 How does it overflow ?
 While self upon the surface floats,
 Still bubbling from below.
- 5 Let others in the gaudy dress
 Of fancied merit shine :
 The Lord shall be my righteousness,
 The Lord for ever mine.

LXVIII. (c) EPHRAIM *repenting.* Chap.
 xxxi. 18—20.

- 1 **M**Y God till I receiv'd thy stroke,
 How like a beast was I ;
 So unaccustom'd to the yoke,
 So backward to comply.
- 2 with grief my just reproach I bear,
 Shame fills me at the thought ;

How frequent my rebellions were !
 What wickedness I wrought !

- 3 Thy merciful restraint I scorn'd,
 And left the pleasant road ;
 Yet turn me and I shall be turn'd,
 Thou art the Lord my God.
- 4 Is Ephraim banish'd from my thoughts,
 Or vile in my esteem !
 No, saith the Lord, with all his faults,
 I still remember him.
- 5 Is he a dear and pleasant child ?
 Yes, dear and pleasant still ;
 Tho' sin his foolish heart beguil'd,
 And he withstood my will.
- 6 My sharp rebuke has laid him low,
 He seeks my face again ;
 My pity kindles at his woe,
 He shall not seek in vain.

L A M E N T A T I O N S.

LXIX. *The Lord is my portion.* Chap. iii. 24.

- 1 **F**ROM pole to pole let others roam,
 And search in vain for bliss ;
 My soul is satisfy'd at home,
 The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
 Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
 Is pleas'd to claim thee for his own,
 And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
 His blood removes my fear ;
 And while he pleads for me above,
 His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
 His spirit is my guide ;
 Thus daily is my strength renew'd.
 And all my wants supply'd. (1)
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss,
 Disgrace for him, renown ;
 Well may I glory in his cross,
 While he prepares my crown.

(1) Book III. Hymn 59.

- 6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast
 How much they gain or spend ;
 Their joys must soon give up the ghost,
 But mine shall know no end.

E Z E K I E L.

LXX. *Humbled and silenced by mercy.*

Chap. xvi. 63,

- 1 **O**NCE perishing in blood I lay,
 Creatures no help could give ;
 But Jesus pass'd me in the way,
 He saw, and bid me live.
- 2 Tho' Satan still his rule maintain'd,
 And all his arts employ'd ;
 That mighty word his rage restrain'd,
 I could not be destroy'd.
- 3 At length the time of love arriv'd,
 When I my Lord should know ;
 Then Satan of his pow'r depriv'd,
 Was forc'd to let me go.
- 4 O can I e'er that day forget,
 When Jesus kindly spoke !
 " Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
 And now I break thy yoke.
- 5 Henceforth I take thee for my own,
 And give myself to thee ;
 Forsake the idols thou hast known,
 And yield thyself to me."
- 6 Ah, worthless heart ! it promis'd fair,
 And said it would be thine ;
 I little thought it e'er would dare
 Again with idols join.
- 7 Lord, dost thou such back-slidings heal,
 And pardon all that's past ?
 Sure, if I am not made of steel,
 Thou hast prevail'd at last.
- 8 My tongue, which rashly spoke before,
 This mercy will restrain ;
 Surely I now shall boast no more,
 Nor censure, nor complain.

LXXI. (c) *The Covenant.* Chap. xxxvi. 25—28

- 1 **T**HE Lord proclaims his grace abroad !
Behold I change your hearts of stone :
Each shall renounce his idol-god,
And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone.
- 2 My grace a flowing stream proceeds,
To wash your filthiness away ;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.
- 3 My truth the great design insures,
I give myself away to you ;
You shall be mine, I will be yours,
Your God unalterably true.
- 4 Yet not unsought, or unimplor'd,
The plenteous grace shall I confer ; (1)
No—your whole hearts shall seek the Lord,
I'll put a praying spirit there.
- 5 From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour ;
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my pow'r.

LXXII. (c) JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH.

Chap. xlvi. 35.

- 1 **A**S birds their infant brood protect, (2)
And spread their wings to shelter them ;
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
“ So will I guard Jerusalem.”
- 2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care ?
Where is its worth in God's esteem ?
Who built it ?—who inhabits there ?
- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son ;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own.
- 4 There, thou besieg'd on every side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well ;
From age to age they have def'd
The utmost force of earth and hell.
- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence ;

(1) Ver. 37.

(2) Isaiah xxxi 5.

Her name is call'd, the Lord is there,
And who has pow'r to drive them thence.

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D A N I E L.

LXXIII. *The power and triumph of faith.*
Chap. iii. 6.

- 1 **S**UPPORTED by the word,
Though in himself a worm,
The servant of the Lord
Can wondrous acts perform ;
Without dismay he boldly treads
Where'er the path of duty leads.
- 2 The haughty king in vain,
With fury on his brow,
Believer's would constrain
To golden gods to bow :
The furnace could not make them fear,
Because they knew the Lord was near.
- 3 As vain was the decree
Which charg'd them not to pray ;
Daniel still bow'd his knee,
And worship'd thrice a day.
Trusting in God he fear'd not men,
Though threaten'd with the lion's den.
- 4 Secure they might refuse
Compliance with such laws,
For what had they to loose,
When God espous'd their cause ?
He made the hungry lions crouch,
Nor durst the fire *his* children touch.
- 5 The Lord is still the same,
A mighty shield and tow'r,
And they who trust his name
Are guided by his pow'r ;
He can the rage of lions tame,
And bear them harmless through the flame.
- 6 Yet we too often shrink
When trials are in view ;
Expecting we must sink,
And never can get through :
But could we once believe indeed,
From all those fears we should be freed.

LXXIV. BELSHAZZAR. *Chap. v. 5—6.*

- 1 **P** OOR sinners ! little do they think
 With whom they have to do !
 But stand securely on the brink
 Of everlasting woe.
- 2 Belshazzar thus, profanely bold,
 The Lord of hosts defy'd ;
 But vengeance soon his boasts controll'd,
 And humbled all his pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall
 (And trembled on his throne)
 Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall
 In characters unknown.
- 4 Why should he tremble at the view
 Of what he could not read ?
 Foreboding conscience quickly knew
 His ruin was decreed.
- 5 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress !
 His eyes with anguish roll ;
 His looks, and loosen'd joints express
 The terrors of his soul.
- 6 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
 No more delight afford ;
 O sinner, e'er this case be thine,
 Begin to seek the Lord.
- 7 The law like this hand writing stands,
 And speaks the wrath of God ; (1)
 But Jesus answers its demands
 And cancels its with blood.

 J O N A H .
LXXV. *The gourd.* *Chap. iv. 7.*

- 1 **A** S once for Jonah, so the Lord,
 To soothe and cheer my mournful hours,
 Prepar'd for me a pleasing gourd,
 Cool was its shade, and sweet its flow'rs.
- 2 To prize his gift was surely right,
 But through the folly of my heart,
 It hid the giver from my sight,
 And soon my joy was chang'd to smart.
- (1) Colossians ii. 14.

- 3 While I admir'd its beauteous form,
Its pleasant shade and grateful fruit ;
The Lord displeas'd, sent forth a worm,
Unseen, to prey upon the root.
- 4 I trembled when I saw it fade,
But guilt restrain'd the murm'ring word ;
My folly I confess'd, and pray'd,
Forgive my sin, and spare my gourd.
- 5 His wond'rous love can ne'er be told,
He heard me and reliev'd my pain ;
His word the threat'ning worm controll'd,
And bid my gourd revive again.
- 6 Now, Lord, my gourd is mine no more,
'Tis thine who only couldst it raise ;
The idol of my heart before,
Henceforth shall flourish to thy paaise.

Z E C H A R I A H.

LXXVI. *Prayer for the Lord's promised presence.*
Chap. ii. 10.

- 1 **S**ON of God ! thy people shield !
Must we still thine absence mourn ?
Let thy promise be fulfill'd,
Thou hast said, " I will return !"
- 2 Gracious leader, now appear
Shine upon us with thy light !
Like the spring, when thou art near,
Days and suns are doubly bright.
- 3 As a mother counts the days,
Till her absent son she see :
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So our spirits long for thee.
- 4 Come, and let us feel thee nigh,
Then thy sleep shall feed in peace ;
Plenty bless us from on high ;
Evil from amongst us cease.
- 5 With thy love, and voice, and aid,
Thou canst ev'ry care assuage ;
Then we shall not be afraid,
Tho' the world and Satan rage.
- 6 Thus each day for thee we'll spend,
While our callings we pursue ;

And the thoughts of such a friend
Shall each night our joy renew.

- 7 Let thy night be ne'er withdrawn,
Golden days afford us long !
Thus we pray at early dawn,
This shall be our evening song.

LXXVII. *A brand plucked out of the fire.*
Chap. iii. 1—5.

- 1 **W**ITH Satan my accuser, near,
My spirit trembled when I saw
The Lord in majesty appear,
And heard the language of his law.
- 2 In vain I wish'd and strove to hide
The tatter'd filthy rags I wore ;
While my fierce foe insulting cry'd,
“ See what you trusted in before ! ”
- 3 Struck dumb, and left without a plea,
I heard my gracious Saviour say,
“ Know, Satan, I this sinner free,
I dy'd to take his sins away.
- 4 This is a brand which I in love
To save from wrath and sin design ;
In vain thy accusations prove ;
I answer all and claim him mine. ”
- 5 At his rebuke the tempter fled ;
Then he remov'd my filthy dress ;
“ Poor sinner, take this robe, he said,
It is thy Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 And see, a crown of life prepar'd !
That I might thus thy head adorn ;
I thought no shame or suff'ring hard,
But wore for thee a crown of thorn. ”
- 7 O how I heard these gracious words !
They broke and heal'd my heart at once ;
Constrain'd me to become the Lord's,
And all my idol gods renounce.
- 8 Now Satan, thou hast lost thy aim,
Against this brand thy threats are vain ;
Jesus has pluck'd it from the flame,
And who shall put it in again ?

LXXXVIII. *On one stone shall be seven eyes.*
Chap. iii. 9.

- 1 **J**ESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,
Who his blood for sinners spilt ;
Is the stone by God appointed,

- And the church is on him built :
 He delivers all who trust him from their guilt.
- 2 Many eyes at once are fix'd
 On a person so divine ;
 Love, with awful justice mixed,
 In his great redemption shine :
 Mighty Jesus ! give me leave to call thee mine.
- 3 By the Father's eye approv'd,
 Lo, a voice is heard from Heav'n, (1)
 "Sinners, this is my beloved,
 For your ransom freely giv'n :
 All offences, for his sake, shall be forgiven."
- 4 Angels with their eyes pursu'd him, (2)
 When he left his glorious throne ;
 With astonishment they view'd him
 Put the form of servant on :
 Angels worship'd him who was on earth unknown.
- 5 Satan and his host amazed,
 Saw this stone in Zion laid ;
 Jesus, tho' to death abased.
 Bruis'd the subtle serpent's head ; (3)
 When to save us, on the cross his blood he shed.
- 6 When a guilty sinner sees him,
 While he looks his soul is heal'd ;
 Soon his sight from anguish frees him,
 And imparts a pardon seal'd : (4)
 May this Saviour be to all our hearts reveal'd.
- 7 With desire and admiration,
 All his blood-bought flock behold ;
 Him who wrought out their salvation,
 And enclos'd them in his fold : (5)
 Yet their warmest love and praises are too cold.
- 8 By the eye of carnal reason,
 Many view him with disdain : (6)
 How will they abide the season,
 When he'll come with all his train ?
 To escape him then they'll wish, but wish in vain.
- 9 How their hearts will melt and tremble,
 When they hear his awful voice ; (7)

(1) Matt. iii. 17.

(2) 1 Tim. iii. 16.

(3) John xii. 31.

(4) John iii. 15.

(5) 1 Pet. ii. 7.

(6) Psalms. cxviii. 22.

(7) Rev. i. 7.

But his saints he'll then assemble,
 As his portion and his choice ;
 And receive them to his everlasting joys.

LXXIX. (c) *Praise for the fountain opened.*

Chap. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins :
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 'Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming Love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
 When this poor lisp'ing stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden Harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine ;
 To sound, in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

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M A L A C H I.

LXXX. *They shall be mine, saith the LORD.*

Chap. iii. 16—18.

- 1 **W**HEN sinners utter boasting words,
 And glory in their shame ;
 The Lord, well pleas'd, an ear affords
 To those who fear his name.

- 2 They often meet to seek his face,
And what they do, or say,
Is noted in his book of grace
Against another day.
- 3 for they by faith a day descry,
And joyfully expect,
When he, descending from the sky,
His jewels will collect.
- 4 Unnotic'd now, because unknown,
A poor and suff'ring few,
He comes to claim them for his own ;
And bring them forth to view.
- 5 With transport then their Saviour's care
And favour they shall prove ;
As tender parents guard and spare
The children of their love.
- 6 Assembled worlds will then discern
The saints alone are blest ;
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest.

M A T T H E W.

LXXXI. *The Beggar.* Chap. vii. 7. 8.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor ;
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door !
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain ;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more :
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profess
 As beggars often do,
 Though great is my distress,
 My wants have been but few :
 If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I well deserve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
 I never begg'd before ;
 Or if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more :
 Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
 For such a dog as I ;
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy :
 O do not frown and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who like me,
 Their wants and hunger feel :
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise !
 Our thoughts, and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above the earth extend : (1)
 Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
 But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

LXXXII. *The Leper.* Chap. viii. 2, 3.

1 **O**FT as the leper's case I read,
 My own describ'd I feel ;
 Sin is a leprosy indeed,
 Which none but Christ can heal.

2 A while I would have pass'd for well,
 And strove my spots to hide ;
 Till it broke out incurable,
 Too plain to be deny'd.

3 Then from the saints I sought to flee,
 And dreaded to be seen ;

(1) Isaiah lv. 8, 9.

- I thought they all would point at me.
And cry, "Unclean, unclean!"
- 4 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.
- 5 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
The Saviour passing by:
To him, though fill'd with shame and awe;
I rais'd my mournful cry.
- 6 Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do;
O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt.
My filthy heart renew!
- 7 He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounc'd the healing word;
"I will—be clean," and while he spoke
I felt my health restor'd.
- 8 Come lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He *can* relieve, for he is pow'r,
He *will*, for he is love.

LXXXIII. *A sick Soul.* Chap. ix. 12.

- 1 **P**HYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.
- 4 It lies not in a single part,
But thro' my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.
- 5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;

And overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

6 A thousand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breast ;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

7 LORD I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free :
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee ?

LXXXIV. *Satan returning.* Chap. xii. 43—35.

1 **W**HEN Jesus claims the sinner's heart,
Where Satan rul'd before,
The evil spirit must depart,
And dares return no more.

2 But when he goes without constraint,
And wanders from his home ;
Altho' withdrawn, 'tis but a feint,
He means again to come.

3 Some outward change perhaps is seen
If Satan quit the place ;
But tho' the house seems swept and clean,
'Tis destitute of grace.

4 Except the Saviour dwell and reign
Within the sinner's mind ;
Satan, when he returns again,
Will easy entrance find.

5 With rage and malice seven fold,
He then resumes his sway ;
No more by checks to be controll'd,
No more to go away.

6 The sinner's former state was bad,
But worse the latter far ;
He lives possessed, blind and mad,
And dies in dark despair.

7 Lord save me from this dreadful end !
And from this heart of mine,
O drive and keep away the fiend
Who fears no voice but thine.

LXXXV. (c) *The Sower.* Chap. xiii. 3.

- 1 **Y**Ē sons of earth prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground!
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scotch'd, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there:
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and high-way side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the prey divide,
And pick up all the grain.
- 5 But where the Lord of grace and pow'r
Has bless'd the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden store,
'The deep wrought furrows yield.
- 6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

LXXXVI. *The wheat and tares.* Chap. xiii.
37—42.

- 1 **T**HO' in the outward church below
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares, in anger, up.
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew!
- 3 Oh! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith,
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat;

But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,
Some, for the sake of praying friends ;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs his council to fulfil.

6 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long ;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

LXXXVII. *Peter walking upon the water.*

Chap. xiv. 28—31.

1 **A** WORD from Jesus calms the sea,
The stormy wind controls ;
And gives repose and liberty
To tempest-toss'd souls.

2 To Peter on the waves he came,
And gave him instant peace ,
Thus he to me reveal'd his name,
And bid my sorrows cease.

3 Then fill'd with wonder, joy, and love,
Peter's request was mine ;
Lord call me down, I long to prove,
That I am wholly thine.

4 Unmov'd at all I have to meet
On life's tempestuous sea ;
Hard, shall be easy ; bitter sweet,
So I may follow thee.

5 He heard and smil'd, and bid me try,
I eagerly obey'd ;
But when from him I turn'd my eye,
How was my soul dismay'd !

6 The storm increas'd on ev'ry side,
I felt my spirit shrink ;
And soon, with Peter, loud I cry'd,
" Lord save me, or I sink."

7 Kindly he caught me by the hand,
And said, " Why dost thou fear ?
Since thou art come at my command,
And I am always near.

8 Upon my promise rest thy hope,
And keep my love in view ;

I stand engag'd to hold thee up,
And guide thee safely through."

LXXXVIII. *Woman of Canaan.* Chap. xv.
22—28.

- 1 **P**RAY'R an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord a while delay ;
None shall seek his face in vain,
None be empty sent away.
- 2 When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to Jesus sought ;
Though he granted her desire,
Yet at first he answer'd not.
- 3 Could she guess at his intent,
When he to his follower's said,
" I to Israel's sheep am sent,
Dogs must not have children's bread."
- 4 She was not of Israel's seed,
But of Canaan's wretched race ;
Thought herself a dog indeed ;
Was not this a hopeless case ?
- 5 Yet although from Canaan sprung,
Though a dog herself she stil'd ;
She had Israel's faith and tongue,
And was own'd for Abraham's child.
- 6 From his words she draws a plea ;
'Though unworthy children's bread ;
" 'Tis enough for one like me,
If with crumbs I may be fed."
- 7 Jesus then his heart reveal'd,
" Woman canst thou thus believe ?
I to thy petition yield,
All that thou canst wish, receive."
- 8 'Tis a pattern set for us,
How we ought to wait and pray ;
None who plead and wretstle thus,
Shall be empty sent away.

LXXXIX. *What think ye of CHRIST?* Chap.
xxii 42.

- 1 **W**HAT think you of Christ ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme ;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.

As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not ;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath are your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most ;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost :
 So guilty, so helpless, am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 'Unless I were sure he is God.

3 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
 But mix their own works with his plan ;
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can :
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.

4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys ;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys :
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him betray ;
 Ah ! what will profession like this
 Avail in his terrible day ?

5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think ?
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor ;
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store ;
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

XC. *The foolish virgins.* (1) Chap. xxv. 1.

WHEN descending from the sky
 The bridegroom shall appear ;
 And the solemn midnight cry,
 Shall call professors near ;

(1) Book III. Hymn 72.

- How the sound our hearts will damp !
 How will shame o'erspread each face !
 If we only have a lamp,
 Without the oil of grace.
- 2 Foolish Virgins then will wake
 And seek for a supply ;
 But in vain the pains they take
 To borrow or to buy :
 'Then with those they now despise,
 Earnestly they'll wish to share ;
 But the best among the wise,
 Will have no oil to spare.
- 3 Wise are they, and truly blest,
 Who then shall ready be !
 But despair will seize the rest,
 And dreadful misery :
 Once, they'll cry, we scorn'd to doubt,
 'Though in lies our trust we put ;
 Now our lamp of hope is out,
 The door of mercy shut.
- 4 If they then presume to plead,
 " Lord, open to us now ;
 We on earth have heard and pray'd,
 And with thy saints did bow :"
 He will answer from his throne,
 " Though you with my people mix'd,
 Yet to me you ne'er were known,
 Depart, your doom is fix'd."
- 5 O that none who worship here
 May hear that word, depart !
 Lord, impress a godly fear
 On each professor's heart :
 Help us, Lord, to search the camp,
 Let us not ourselves beguile ;
 Trusting to a dying Lamp,
 Without a stock of oil.

XCI. *Peter sinning and repenting.* Chap. xxvi. 73.

- 1 **W**HEN Peter boasted, soon he fell,
 Yet was by grace restor'd ;
 His case should be regarded well
 By all who fear the Lord.
- 2 A voice it has, and helping hand,
 Backsliders to recal ;

- And cautions those who think they stand,
Lest suddenly they fall.
- 3 He said, "Whatever others do,
With Jesus I'll abide ;"
Yet soon amidst a murd'rous crew
His suff'ring Lord deny d.
- 4 He who had been so bold before,
Now trembled like a leaf ;
Not only ly'd, but curs'd and swore,
To gain the more belief.
- 5 While he blasphem'd, he heard the cock,
And Jesus look'd in love ;
At once, as if by light'ning struck,
His tongue forbore to move,
- 6 Deliver'd thus from Satan's snare,
He starts, as from a sleep ;
His Saviour's look he could not bear,
But hasted forth to weep.
- 7 But sure the faithful cock had crow'd
A hundred times in vain,
Had not the Lord that look bestow'd
The meaning to explain.
- 8 As I like Peter, vows have made,
Yet acted Peter's part ;
So conscience, like the cock, upbraids
My base, ungrateful heart.
- 9 Lord Jesus, hear a sinner's cry,
My broken peace renew ;
And grant one pitying look, that I
May weep with Peter too.

M A R K.

XCII. *The legion dispossessed.* Chap. v. 18, 19.

- 1 **L**EGION was my name by nature,
Satan rag'd within my breast ;
Never misery was greater,
Never sinner more possess'd :
Mischievous to all around me,
To myself the greatest foe ;
Thus I was, when Jesus found me,
Fill'd with madness, sin and woe.

- 2 Yet in this forlorn condition,
When he came to set me free ;
I reply'd, to my physician,
" What have I to do with thee ?"
But he would not be prevented,
Rescu'd me against my will ;
Had he staid till I consented,
I had been a captive still.
- 3 " Satan though thou fain wouldst have it,
Know, this soul is none of thine ;
I have shed my blood to save it,
Now I challenge it for mine : (1)
Though it long has thee resembled,
Henceforth it shall me obey ;"
Thus he spoke, while Satan trembled,
Gnash'd his teeth and fled away.
- 4 Thus my frantic soul he healed,
Bid my sins and sorrows cease ;
" Take, said he, my pardon sealed,
I have sav'd thee, go in peace :
Rather take me, Lord, to heaven,
Now thy love and grace I know ;
Since thou hast my sins forgiven,
Why should I remain below !
- 5 " Love, he said, will sweeten labours,
Thou hast something yet to do ;
Go and tell your friends and neighbours,
What my love has done for you :
Live to manifest my glory,
Wait for heav'n a little space ;
Sinners, when they hear thy story,
Will repent and seek my face."

XCIH. *The ruler's daughter raised.*
Chap. v. 39—42.

- 1 **C**OULD the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of pray'r ;
Few, if any, come to Jesus,
Till reduc'd to self-despair :
Long we either slight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try,
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry.

(1) Book III. Hymn 54.

- 2 Thus the ruler when his daughter
Suffer'd much, though Christ was nigh,
Still deferr'd it, till he thought her
At the very point to die :
Though he mourn'd for her condition,
He did not intreat the Lord,
Till he found that no physician
But himself, could help afford.
- 3 Jesus did not once upbraid him,
That he had no sooner come ;
But a gracious answer made him,
And went straightways with him home :
Yet his faith was put to trial,
When his servants came, and said,
" Though he gave thee no denial,
'Tis too late, the child is dead."
- 4 Jesus, to prevent his grieving,
Kindly spoke and eas'd his pain ;
" Be not fearful, but believing,
'Thou shalt see her live again :
When he found the people weeping
" Cease he said, no longer mourn ;
For she is not dead, but sleeping,"
Then they laugh'd him to scorn.
- 5 O thou meek and lowly Saviour,
How determin'd is thy love !
Not this rude unkind behaviour,
Could thy gracious purpose move ;
Soon as he the room had enter'd
Spoke, and took her by the hand ;
Death at once his prey surrender'd,
And she liv'd at his command.
- 6 Fear not then, distress'd believer,
Venture on his mighty name ;
He is able to deliever,
And his love is still the same :
Can his pity or his power,
Suffer thee to pray in vain ;
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

XCIV. *But one loaf.* (1) Chap. viii. 14.

1 **W**HEN the disciples cross'd the lake
With but one loaf on board ;

(1) Book III. Hymn 57.

- How strangely did their hearts mistake
The caution of the Lord.
- 2 "The leaven of the Pharisees
Beware," the Saviour said ;
They thought, it is because he sees
We have forgotten bread.
- 3 It seems they had forgotten too,
What their own eyes had view'd ;
How with what scarce suffic'd for few,
He fed a multitude.
- 4 If five small loaves, by his command,
Could many thousand serve ;
Might they not trust his gracious hand,
That they should never starve !
- 5 They oft his pow'r and love had known,
And doubtless were to blame ;
But we have reason good to own
That we are just the same.
- 6 How often has he brought relief,
And ev'ry want supply'd ?
Yet soon, again, our unbelief,
Says, " Can the Lord provide ?
- 7 Be thankful for one loaf to day,
Tho' that be all your store ;
To-morrow, if you trust and pray,
Shall timely bring you more.

XCV. *BARTIMEUS*. Chap. x. 47—48.

- 1 " **M**ERCY, O thou Son of David !"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd ;
Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid :
Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
" Come, and ask me what you will."
- 2 Money was not what he wanted,
Tho' by begging us'd to live ;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms, which none but he could give :
" Lord remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day ;"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Oh! methings I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around;
 "Friends is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found:
 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis'd by me!
 Surely would they hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see.

XCVI. (c) *The house of prayer.* Chap. xi. 17.

1 **T**H Y mansion is the christian's heart,
 O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
 Bid the unruly throng depart,
 And leave the consecrated door.

2 Devoted as it is to thee,
 A thievish swarm frequents the place;
 They steal away my joys from me,
 And rob my Saviour of his praise

3 There too a sharp designing trade
 Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;
 Nor cease to press me and persuade,
 To part with ease and purchase pain.

4 I know them, and I hate their din,
 Am weary of the bustling croud,
 But while their voice is heard within,
 I cannot serve thee as I would,

5 Oh! for the joy thy presence gives,
 What peace shall reign when thou art here!
 Thy presence makes this den of thieves,
 A calm delightful house of pray'r.

6 And if thou make thy temple shine,
 Yet, self-abas'd will I adore;
 The gold and silver are not mine,
 I give thee what was thine before.

XCVII. *The blasted fig-tree.* Chap. xi. 20.

1 **O** NE awful word which Jesus spoke,
 Against the tree which bore no fruit;
 More piercing than the light'ning's stroke,
 Blasted and dry'd it to the root.

2 But could a tree the Lord offend,
 To make him shew his anger thus?

- He surely had a farther end,
To be a warning-word to us.
- 3 The fig-tree by its leaves was known,
But having not a fig to show ;
It brought a heavy sentence down,
“ Let none hereafter on thee grow.”
- 4 Too many, who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan blinds and sin deceives,
We to this fig-tree may compare,
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.
- 5 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.
- 6 Without the fruit the Lord expects,
Knowledge will make our state the worse ;
The barren trees he still rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse:
- 7 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r,
On each of us thy Spirit send ;
That we the fruits of grace may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

L U K E.

XCVIII. *The two debtors.* Chap. vii. 47.

- 1 **O**NCE a woman silent stood
While Jesus sat at meat ;
From her eyes she pour'd a flood
To wash his sacred feet :
Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd her mind ?
That she ere so vile could prove
Yet now forgiveness find.
- 2 “ How came this vile woman here ?
Will Jesus notice such ;
Sure, if he a prophet were,
He would disdain her touch !”
Simon thus with scornful heart,
Slighted one whom Jesus lov'd ;
But her Saviour took her part,
And thus his pride reprov'd.

3 “ If two men in debt were bound,
 ‘ One less, the other more ;
 Fifty, or five hundred pound,
 And both alike were poor ;
 Should the lender both forgive,
 When he saw them both distress’d ;
 Which of them would you believe
 Engag’d to love him best ?

4 “ Surely he who most did owe,”
 The Pharisee reply’d ;
 Then our Lord “ by judging so,
 Thou dost for her decide :
 Simon, if like her you know,
 How much you forgiveness need ;
 You like her had acted too,
 And welcom’d me indeed.

5 “ When the load of sin is felt,
 And much forgiveness known ;
 Then the heart of course will melt,
 Though hard before as stone :
 Blame not then her love and tears,
 Greatly she in debt has been ;
 But I have remov’d her fears,
 And pardon’d all her sin.”

6 When I read this woman’s case,
 Her love and humble zeal ;
 I confess, with shame of face,
 My heart is made of steel.
 Much has been forgiv’n to me,
 Jesus paid my heavy score ;
 What a creature must I be,
 That I can love no more !

XCIX. *The good Samaritan.* Chap. x. 33—35.

1 **H**OW kind the good Samaritan
 To him who fell among the thieves !
 Thus Jesus pities fallen man,
 And heals the wounds the soul receives.

2 Oh ! I remember well the day,
 When sorely wounded, nearly slain ;
 Like that poor man I bleeding lay,
 And groan’d for help, but groan’d in vain.

3 Men saw me in this helpless case,
 And pass’d without compassion by ;

- Each neighbour turn'd away his face,
Unmov'd by my mournful cry.
- 4 But he whose name has been my scorn,
(As Jews Samaritans despise)
Came, when he saw me thus forlorn,
With love and pity in his eyes.
- 5 Gently he rais'd me from the ground,
Press'd me to lean upon his arm ;
And into ev'ry gaping wound
He pour'd his own all-healing balm.
- 6 Unto his church my steps he led,
The house prepar'd for sinners lost ;
Gave charge I should be cloth'd and fed,
And took upon him all the cost.
- 7 Thus sav'd from death, from want secur'd,
I wait till he again shall come,
(When I shall be completely cur'd)
And take me to his heav'nly home.
- 8 There through eternal boundless days,
When nature's wheel no longer rolls ;
How shall I love, adore, and praise,
This good Samaritan to souls !

C. *MARTHA and MARY*. Chap. x. 38—42.

- 1 **M**ARTHA her love and joy express'd,
By care to entertain her guest ;
While Mary sat to hear her Lord,
And could not bear to lose a word.
- 2 The principle in both the same,
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim ;
The one to feast the Lord was led,
The other waited to be fed.
- 3 But Mary chose the better part,
Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart ;
While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time and temper too.
- 4 With warmth she to her sister spoke,
But brought upon herself rebuke ;
" One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run ?"
- 5 How oft are we like Martha vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd ?

- While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 6 Lord, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose ;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own.
- 7 Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require !
Gladly I may the rest resign,
If the one needful thing be mine !

CI. *The heart taken.* Chap. xi. 21, 22.

- 1 **T**HE castle of the human heart
Strong in its native sin ;
Is guarded well in ev'ry part,
By him who dwells within.
- 2 For Satan there in arms resides,
And calls the place his own ;
With care against assaults provides,
And rules as on a throne.
- 3 Each traitor thought on him as chief,
In blind obedience waits ;
And pride, self-will, and unbelief,
Are posted at the gates.
- 4 Thus Satan for a season reigns,
And keeps his goods in peace ;
The soul is pleas'd to wear his chains,
Nor wishes a release.
- 5 But Jesus stronger far than he,
In his appointed hour,
Appears to set his people free
From the usurper's pow'r.
- 6 " This heart I bought with blood," he says,
" And now it shall be mine ;"
His voice the strong one arm'd dismays,
He knows he must resign.
- 7 In spite of unbelief and pride,
And self, and Satan's art ;
The gates of brass fly open wide,
And Jesus wins the heart.
- 8 The rebel soul that once withstood,
The Saviour's kindest call ;
Rejoices now by grace subdu'd,
To serve him with her all.

CII. *The worldling.* Chap. xii. 16—21.

- 1 “ **M**Y barns are full, my stores increase,
 And now, for many years :
 Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,
 Secure from wants and fears.”
- 2 Thus while a worldling boasted once,
 As many now presume ;
 He heard the Lord himself pronounce
 His sudden awful doom.
- 3 “ This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
 Into a world unknown ;
 And who shall then the stores possess,
 Which thou hast call'd thine own ?”
- 4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme
 For happiness below ;
 Till death disturb the pleasing dream,
 And they awake to woe.
- 5 Ah ! who can speak the vast dismay
 That fills the sinner's mind,
 When torn, by death's strong hand away,
 He leaves his all behind.
- 6 Wretches, who cleave to earthly things,
 But are not rich to God ;
 Their dying hour is full of stings,
 And hell their dark abode.
- 7 Dear Saviour make us timely wise,
 Thy gospel to attend ;
 That we may live above the skies,
 When this poor life shall end.

CIII. *The barren Fig-tree.* Chap. xiii. 6—9.

- 1 **T**HE church a garden is,
 In which believers stand,
 Like ornamental trees
 Planted by God's own hand :
 His spirit waters all their roots,
 And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.
- 2 But other trees there are,
 In this inclosure grow ;
 Which though they promise fair,
 Have only leaves to show :
 No fruits of grace are on them found,
 They stand but cumb'ers of the ground.

3 The under gard'ner grieves,
 In vain his strength he spends ;
 For heaps of useless leaves
 Afford him small amends :
 He hears the Lord his will made known,
 To cut the barren fig-trees down.

4 How difficult his post,
 What pangs his bowels move,
 To find his wishes cross'd,
 His labours useless prove !
 His last relief, his earnest pray'r,
 " Lord, spare them yet another year.

5 " Spare them, and let me try
 What farther means may do ;
 I'll fresh manure apply,
 My digging I'll renew ;
 Who knows but yet they fruit may yield !
 If not—'tis just they must be fell'd."

6 If under means of grace,
 No gracious fruits appear ;
 It is a dreadful case,
 Though God may long forbear :
 At length he'll strike the threaten'd blow, (1)
 And lay the barren fig-tree low.

CIV. *The prodigal Son.* Chap. xv. 11—24.

1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
 In mercy oft are sent ;
 They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
 And forc'd him to repent.

2 Although he no relenting felt,
 Till he had spent his store ;
 His stubborn heart began to melt,
 When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 " What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
 But hunger, shame, and fear ;
 My father's house abounds with bread,
 While I am starving here.

4 " I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 And fall before his face ;
 Unworthy to be call'd his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place "

(1) Book II. Hymn 26.

- 5 His father saw him coming back,
 He saw, and ran, and smil'd ;
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.
 " Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive !"
 " I've heard enough," he said,
 " Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 " Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the news around ;
 My son was dead, but lives again,
 " Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home ;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

CV. *The rich Man and LAZARUS.* Chap.
 xvi. 19—25.

- 1 **A** WORLDLING spent each day
 In luxury and state ;
 While a believer lay,
 A beggar at his gate :
 Think not the Lord's appointment strange,
 Death made a great and lasting change.
- 2 Death brought the saint release
 From want, disease, and scorn,
 And to the land of peace,
 His soul, by angels borne,
 In Abraham's bosom safely plac'd,
 Enjoys an everlasting feast.
- 3 The rich man also dy'd,
 And in a moment fell
 From all his pomp and pride,
 Into the flames of hell :
 The beggar's bliss from far beheld,
 His soul with double anguish fill'd.
- 4 " O Abra'm send, he cries,
 (But his request was vain)
 The beggar from the skies
 To mitigate my pain !
 One drop of water I entreat,
 To sooth my tongue's tormenting heat."
- 5 Let all who worldly pelf,
 And worldly spirits have,

Observe, each for himself,

The answer Abra'm gave :

“ Remember thou wast fill'd with good,
While the poor beggar pin'd for food.

6 “ Neglected at thy door,

With tears he begg'd his bread ;

But now he weeps no more,

His griefs and pains are fled ;

His joys eternally will flow,

While thine expire in endless woe.”

7 Lord, make us truly wise,

To chuse thy people's lot ;

And earthly joys despise,

Which soon will be forgot :

The greatest evil we can fear,

Is to possess our portion here !

CVI. *The importunate Widow.* (1)

Chap. xviii. 1—7.

1 **O**UR Lord, who knows full well

The heart of ev'ry saint ;

Invites us by a parable,

To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,

We never plead in vain ;

Yet we must wait till he appear,

And pray, and pray again.

3 Tho' unbelief suggest,

Why should we longer wait ?

He bids us never give him rest,

But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,

Without support or friend,

Beset the unjust judge's door,

And gain'd at last, her end.

5 For her he little car'd,

As little for the laws ;

Nor God, nor man did he regard,

Yet he espous'd her cause.

6 She urg'd him day and night,

Would no denial take ;

(1) Book II. Hymn 60.

At length he said, "I'll do her right,
For my own quiet sake."

- 7 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 8 His nature truth and love,
Engage him on her side;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
And can they be deny'd?
- 9 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r,
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

CVII. *ZACCHEUS*. Chap. xix. 1—6.

- 1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
And thought himself unknown:
But how surpriz'd was he,
When Jesus call'd him down!
The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd,
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face;
"Does he my name pronounce,
And does he know my case?
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
Lord, I, with all I have am thine."
- 3 Thus where the gospel's preach'd,
And sinners come to hear;
The hearts of some are reach'd,
Before they are aware:
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.
- 4 'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say;
But how the sinner starts to find,
The preacher knows his inmost mind.
- 5 His long forgotten thoughts,
Are brought again in view,

And all his secret thoughts,
 Reveal'd in public too ;
 Tho' compass'd with a croud about,
 The searching word has found him out.

6 While thus distressing pain
 And sorrow fills the heart :
 He hears a voice again,
 That bids his fears depart.
 Then like Zaccheus he is blest,
 And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

CVIII. *The Believer's Danger, Safety and Duty.*

Chap, xxii. 31, 32.

1 “**S**IMON, beware! (the Saviour said,)
 Satan, your subtle foe,
 Already has his measures laid,
 Your soul to overthrow.

2 “ He wants to sift you all as wheat,
 And think his vict'ry sure ;
 But I his malice will defeat,
 My pray'r shall faith secure.”

3 Believers, tremble and rejoice,
 Your help and danger view ;
 This warning has to you a voice,
 This promise speaks to you.

4 Satan beholds with jealous eye,
 Your privilege and joy ;
 He's always watchful, always nigh,
 To tear and to destroy.

5 But Jesus lives to intercede,
 That faith may still prevail ;
 He will support in time of need,
 And Satan's art shall fail.

6 Yet let us not the warning slight,
 But watchful still be found ;
 Tho' faith cannot be slain in fight,
 It may receive a wound.

7 While Satan watches, dare we sleep ;
 We must our guard maintain :
 But, Lord, do thou the city keep,
 Or else we watch in vain. (1)

(1) Psalms xxvii. 1.

CIX. *Father forgive them.* Chap. xxiii. 34.

- 1 "FATHER, forgive (the Saviour said,)
They know not what they do:"
His heart was mov'd, when thus he pray'd
For me, my friends and you.
- 2 He saw that as the Jews abus'd
And crucify'd his flesh;
So he, by us, would be refus'd,
And crucify'd afresh.
- 3 Thro' love of sin, we long were prone
To act as Satan bid;
But now with grief and shame we own,
We knew not what we did.
- 4 We knew not the desert of sin,
Nor whom we thus defy'd:
For where our guilty souls had been,
If Jesus had not dy'd.
- 5 We knew not what a law we broke,
How holy, just, and pure!
Nor what a God we durst provoke,
But thought ourselves secure.
- 6 But Jesus all our guilt foresaw,
And shed his precious blood
To satisfy the holy law,
And make our peace with God.
- 7 My sin, dear Saviour, made thee bleed,
Yet didst thou pray for me!
I knew not what I did, indeed,
When ignorant of thee.

CX. *The two malefactors.* Chap. xxiii. 39—43.

- 1 S O V E R E I G N grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucify'd,
Two transgressors with him dy'd;
One with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case ;
Faith receiv'd to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.
- 5 "Lord, (he pray'd) remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be ;"
"Soon with me, (the Lord replies)
Thou shalt rest in paradise."
- 6 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need ?
Sinners trust in Jesu's name,
You shall find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the hard'ned thief ;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ, to you, will die in vain.

 J O H N.

CXI. *The woman of Samaria.* Chap. iv. 28.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to what didst thou submit
To save thy dear-bought flock from hell !
Like a poor trav'ler, see him sit,
Athirst and weary, by the well.
- 2 The woman, who for water came,
(What great events on small depend)
Then learn'd the glory of his name,
The well of life, the sinner's friend !
- 3 Taught from her birth to hate the jews,
And fill'd with party-pride ; at first
Her zeal induc'd her to refuse
Water, to quench the Saviour's thirst.
- 4 But soon she knew the gift of God,
And Jesus, whom she scorn'd before,
Unask'd, that drink on her bestow'd,
Which whoso tastes shall thirst no more.
- 5 His words her prejudice remov'd,
Her sin she felt, relief she found ;
She saw and heard, believ'd and lov'd,
And ran to tell her neighbours round.
- 6 O come, this wond'rous man behold !
The promis'd Saviour ! this is he,

- Whom ancient prophecies foretold,
 Born, from our guilt to set us free.
 7 Like her, in ignorance content,
 I worshipp'd long I knew not what ;
 Like her, on other things intent,
 I found him, when I sought him not
 8 He told me all that e'er I did,
 And told me all was pardon'd too ;
 And now like her, as he had bid,
 I live to point him out to you.

CXII. *The Pool of Bethesda.* (1) Chap. v. 2—4.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor ;
 From year, to year, my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure,
 2 How often have I seen
 The healing waters move ;
 And others round me, stepping in
 Their efficacy prove.
 3 But my complaints remain,
 I feel the very same ;
 As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
 As when at first I came.
 4 O would the Lord appear,
 My malady to heal ;
 He knows how long I've languish'd here,
 And what distress I feel.
 5 How often have I thought
 Why should I longer lie ?
 Surely the mercy I have sought
 Is not for such as I.
 6 But whether can I go ?
 There is no other pool
 Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
 To make a sinner whole.
 7 Here then, from day to day,
 I'll wait and hope, and try,
 Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
 Yet suffer him to die ?
 8 No : he is full of grace ;
 He never will permit
 A soul, that fain would see his face,
 To perish at his feet.

(1) Book III. Hymn 7.

CXIII. *Another.*

- 1 **H**ERE at Bethesda's pool, the poor,
The wither'd, halt, and blind ;
With waiting hearts expect a cure,
And free admittance find.
- 2 Here streams of wond'rous virtue flow,
To heal a sin-sick soul ;
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 The dumb break forth in songs of praise,
The blind their sight receive :
The cripple runs in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive and live !
- 4 Restrain'd to no case or time,
These waters always move ;
Sinners in every age and clime,
Their vital influence prove.
- 5 Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief ;
With life in view they pine and die,
In hopeless unbelief.
- 6 'Tis strange they should refuse to bathe
And yet frequent the pool ;
But none can even wish for faith,
While love of sin bears rule.
- 7 Satan their consciences has seal'd,
And stupify'd their thought ;
For were they willing to be heal'd,
The cure would soon be wrought.
- 8 Do thou, dear Saviour, interpose,
Their stubborn wills constrain ;
Or else to them the water flows,
And grace is preach'd in vain.

CXIV. *The Disciples at Sea.* (1) Chap. vi. 16—21.

- 1 **C**ONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark,
And venture, without him, to sea ;
The season tempestuous and dark,
How griev'd the disciples must be !
But tho' he remain'd on the shore,
He spent the night for them in pray'r ;
They still were as safe as before,
And equally under his care.

- 2 They strove, tho' in vain, for a while,
 The force of the waves to withstand ;
 But when they were weary'd with toil,
 They saw their dear Saviour at hand :
 They gladly receiv'd him on board,
 His presence their spirits reviv'd,
 The sea became calm at his word.
 And soon at their port they arriv'd.
- 3 We, like the disciples, are toss'd
 By storms on the perilous deep ;
 But cannot be possibly lost,
 For Jesus has charge of the ship ;
 Tho' billows and winds are enrag'd,
 And threaten to make us their sport,
 This pilot his word has engag'd
 To bring us in safety to port.
- 4 If sometimes we struggle alone,
 And he is withdrawn from our view ;
 It makes us more willing to own
 We nothing without him can do :
 Then Satan our hopes would assail,
 But Jesus is still within call ;
 And when our poor efforts quite fail,
 He comes in good time, and does all.
- 5 Yet Lord, we are ready to shrink
 Unless we thy presence perceive ;
 O save us (we cry) or we sink,
 We would, but we cannot believe :
 The night has been long and severe,
 The winds and the seas are still high ;
 Dear Saviour this moment appear,
 And say to our souls, " It is I ! " (1)

CXV. *Will ye also go away ?* Chap. vi. 67—69.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas ! what numbers do !)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 " Wilt thou forsake me too ! "
- 2 Ah Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast ;
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.

(1) Book III. Hymn 18.

- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
 Thou art the Christ of God ;
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
 Could never reach my case ;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
 If I will also go ?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, no !

CXVI. *The Resurrection and the Life.* Chap.
 xi. 25.

- 1 “ **I** AM (saith Christ) your glorious head,
 (May we attention give)
 The resurrection of the dead,
 The life of all that live.
- 2 “ By faith in me the soul receives
 New life, tho' dead before ;
 And he that in my name believes,
 Shall live and die no more.
- 3 “ The sinner, sleeping in his grave,
 Shall at my voice awake ;
 And when I once begin to save,
 My work I ne'er forsake.”
- 4 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
 On us assembled here ;
 Put forth thy Spirit with the word,
 And cause the dead to hear.
- 5 Preserve the pow'r of faith alive,
 In those who love thy name ;
 For sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.

- 6 Thy pow'r and mercy first prevail'd,
 From death to set us free ;
 And often since our life had fail'd,
 If not renew'd by thee.
- 7 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
 To thee for help we call ;
 Our life and resurrection thou,
 Our hope, our joy, our all.

EXVII. *Weeping MARY.* Chap. xx. 11—16.

- 1 **M**ARY to her Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn ;
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she lov'd was gone.
 For a while she weeping stood,
 Struck with sorrow and surprise ;
 Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
 For her heart supply'd her eyes.
- 2 Jesus, who is always near,
 Tho' too often unperceiv'd ;
 Came, his drooping child to cheer,
 Kindly asking why she griev'd ?
 Tho' at first she knew him not,
 When he call'd her by her name,
 Then her griefs were all forgot,
 For she found he was the same.
- 3 Grief and sighing quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice ;
 Just before she thought him dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice :
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day !
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.
- 4 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Tho' you now are tempest-toss'd :
 On his word your burden cast,
 On his love your thoughts employ ;
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

CXVIII (c) *Lovest thou me?* Chap. xxi. 16.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, heal'd thy wounds;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light."
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shall be,
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 Oh for grace to love thee more!

CXIX. *Another.*

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name!
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove;
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?

- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, Is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
 Should I grieve for what I feel ;
 If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Chuse the ways I once abhor'd,
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord decide the doubtful case !
 Thou art thy people's sun ;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

 A C T S.

CXX. *The death of STEPHEN.* Chap.
 vii. 54—60.

- 1 **A**S some tall rock amidst the waves,
 The fury of the tempest braves,
 While the fierce billows tossing high,
 Break at its foot ; and murm'ring, die.
- 2 Thus they who in the Lord confide,
 Tho' foes assault on ev'ry side,
 Cannot be mov'd or overthrown,
 For Jesus makes their cause his own.
- 3 So faithful Stephen undismay'd,
 The malice of the Jews survey'd ;
 The holy joy which fill'd his breast,
 A lustre on his face imprest.
- 4 " Behold ! (he said) the world of light
 Is open'd to my strengthen'd sight ;
 My glorious God appears in view,
 That Jesus, whom ye lately slew."
- 5 With such a friend and witness near ;
 No form of death could make him fear ;

Calm, amidst showers of stones, he kneels,
And only for his murd'ers feels.

- 6 May we, by faith, perceive thee thus,
Dear Saviour, ever near to us!
This sight our peace, thro' life, shall keep,
And death be fear'd no more than sleep.

CXXI. *The Rebel's surrender to Grace.* LORD,
what wilt thou have me to do? Chap. ix. 6.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast won, at length I yield,
My heart by mighty grace compell'd;
Surrenders all to thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.
- 2 All that a wretch could do, I try'd,
Thy patience scorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,
And trampled on thy laws;
Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake,
Could stand more steadfast for thy sake,
Than I in Satan's cause.
- 3 ut since thou hast thy love reveal'd,
And shewn my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more:
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed,
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!
- 4 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And light'nings flash, to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.
- 6 My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee my hope, desire, and love,
In fix'd attention join;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

- 7 And can I be the very same,
 Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
 And on thy gospel tread?
 Surely each one who hears my case,
 Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
 Invincible indeed!

CXXII. *PETER released from Prison.* Chap.
 xii. 5—8.

- 1 **F**ERVENT persevering pray'rs
 Are faith's assur'd resource;
 Brazen gates, and iron bars
 In vain withstand their force;
 Peter when in prison cast,
 Though by soldiers kept with care;
 Though the doors were bolted fast,
 Was soon releas'd by pray'r.
- 2 While he slept an angel came,
 And spread a light around;
 Touch'd and call'd him by his name,
 And rais'd him from the ground:
 All his chains and fetters burst,
 Ev'ry door wide open flew;
 Peter thought he dream'd at first,
 But found the vision true.
- 3 Thus the Lord can make a way,
 To bring his saints relief;
 'Tis their part to wait and pray,
 In spite of unbelief;
 He can break through walls of stone,
 Sink the mountain to a plain:
 They, to whom his name is known,
 Can never pray in vain.
- 4 Thus in chains of guilt and sin,
 Poor sinners sleeping lie;
 No alarm is felt within,
 Although condemn'd to die;
 Till descending from above
 (Mercy smiling in his eyes)
 Jesus, with a voice of love,
 Awakes, and bids them rise.
- 5 Glad the summons they obey,
 And liberty desire,
 Straight their fetters melt away,
 Like wax before the fire;

By the word of him who dy'd,
 Guilty pris'ners to release ;
 Ev'ry door flies open wide,
 And they depart in peace.

CXXIII. *The trembling Gaoler.* Chap. xvi. 29, 30.

- 1 **A** BELIEVER, free from care,
 May in chains or dungeons sing,
 (If the Lord be with him there)
 And be happier than a king ;
 Paul and Silas thus confin'd,
 Though their backs were torn by whips,
 Yet possessing peace of mind,
 Sung his praise with joyful lips.
- 2 Suddenly the prison shook,
 Open flew the iron doors,
 And the gaoler, terror-struck,
 Now his captives help implores :
 Trembling at their feet he fell,
 " Tell me, Sirs, what must I do
 To be sav'd from guilt and hell ?
 None can tell me this but you."
- 3 " Look to Jesus, (they reply'd)
 If on him thou canst believe ;
 By the death which he has dy'd,
 'Thou salvation shalt receive :"
 While the living word he heard,
 Faith sprung up within his heart,
 And releas'd from all he fear'd,
 In their joy his soul had part.
- 4 Sinners, Christ is still the same,
 O that you could likewise fear !
 Then the mention of his name
 Would be music to your ear :
 Jesus rescues Satan's slaves,
 His dear wounds still plead, " Forgive !"
 Jesus to the utmost saves ;
 Sinners, look to him, and live.

CXXIV. *The Exorcists.* Chap. xix. 13—16.

- 1 **W**HEN the apostle wonders wrought,
 And heal'd the sick in Jesus' name,
 The sons of Sceva vainly thought,
 That they had pow'r to do the same.

- 2 On one possess'd they try'd their art,
And naming Jesus preach'd by Paul,
They charg'd the spirit to depart,
Expecting he'd obey their call.
- 3 The spirit answer'd with a mock,
" Jesus I know, and Paul I know ;
I must have gone if Paul had spoke,
But who are ye that bid me go ?"
- 4 With fury then the man he fill'd,
Who on the poor pretenders flew ;
Naked and wounded, almost kill'd,
They fled in all the people's view.
- 5 Jesus ! that name pronounc'd by faith,
Is full of wonder-working pow'r ;
It conquers Satan, sin and death,
And cheers in trouble's darkest hour.
- 6 But they who are not born again,
Know nothing of it but the sound ;
They do but take his name in vain,
When most their zeal and pains abound.
- 7 Satan their vain attempts derides,
Whether they talk, or pray, or preach ;
Long as the love of sin abides,
His pow'r is safe beyond their reach.
- 8 But you, believers, may rejoice,
Satan well knows your mighty friend ;
He trembles at your Saviour's voice,
And owns he cannot gain his end.

CXXV. *PAUL'S Voyage.* Chap. xxviii.

- 1 **I**F Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea ;
Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand
By the divine decrec.
- 2 Although the ship in which he sail'd
By dreadful storms was toss'd ;
The promise over all prevail'd,
And not a life was lost.
- 3 Jesus ! the God whom Paul ador'd,
Who saves in time of need ;
Was then confess'd, by all on board,
A present help indeed !
Though neither sun nor stars were seen,
Paul knew the Lord was near ;

- And faith preserv'd his soul serene,
When others shook for fear.
- 5 Believers thus are toss'd about,
On life's tempestuous main ;
But grace assures, beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.
- 6 They must, they shall appear one day,
Before their Saviour's throne ;
The storms they meet with by the way,
But make his power known.
- 7 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave ;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.
- 8 Lord, tho' we are but feeble worms,
Yet since thy word is past,
We'll venture thro' a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

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R O M A N S.

CXXVI. *The Good that I would I do not.*
Chap. vii. 19.

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,
Guilt has untun'd my voice ;
The serpent, sin's envenom'd sting,
Has poison'd all my joys.
- 2 I know the Lord is nigh,
And would but cannot pray,
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
- 3 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft ;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus make it soft.
- 4 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine ;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.
- 5 I would, but cannot rest,
In God's most holy will ;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

- 6 O could I but believe!
 Then all would easy be;
 I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve;
 My help must come from thee.
- 7 But if indeed I *wou'd*,
 Tho' I can nothing do;
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.
- 8 By nature prone to ill,
 Till thine appointed hour,
 I was as destitute of will,
 As now I am of pow'r.
- 9 Wilt thou not crown at length,
 The work thou hast begun!
 And with a will afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run.

CXXVII. *Salvation drawing nearer.* Chap. xiii.

- 1 **D**ARKNESS overspreads us here,
 But the night wears fast away;
 Jacob's star will soon appear,
 Leading on eternal day!
 Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
 Trim our lamps and stand prepar'd;
 For our Lord strict watch to keep,
 'Lest he find us off our guard.
- 2 Let his people courage take,
 Bear with a submissive mind
 All they suffer for his sake,
 Rich amends they soon will find.
 He will wipe away their tears,
 Near himself appoint their lot;
 All their sorrows, pains, and fears,
 Quickly then will be forgot.
- 3 Tho' already sav'd by grace,
 From the hour we first believ'd;
 Yet while sin and war have place,
 We have but a part receiv'd;
 Still we for salvation wait,
 Ev'ry hour it nearer comes!
 Death will break the prison gate,
 And admit us to our homes.
- 4 Sinners! what can you expect?
 You who now the Saviour dare;

Break his laws, his grace reject,
 You must stand before his bar !
 Tremble, lest he say, depart !
 Oh the horrors of that sound !
 Lord, make ev'ry careless heart,
 Seek thee while thou may'st be found.

I. CORINTHIANS.

CXXVIII. *That Rock was CHRIST.* Chap. x. 4

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with
 thirst,
 Forth from the rock the waters burst ;
 And all their future journey thro'
 Yielded them drink and gospel too !
- 2 In Moses' rod a type they saw,
 Of his severe and fiery law :
 The smitten rock perfigur'd him,
 From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream .
- 3 But ah ! the types were all too faint,
 His sorrows or his worth to paint :
 Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,
 But he endur'd the wrath of God.
- 4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,
 But our's was wounded, torn and slain ;
 The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
 But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.
- 5 The earth is like their wilderness,
 A land of drought and sore distress ;
 Without one stream from pole to pole,
 To satisfy a thirsty soul.
- 6 But let the Saviour's praise resound ;
 In him refreshing streams are found,
 Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,
 And thirsty sinners drink and live.

II. CORINTHIANS.

CXXIX. *My grace is sufficient for thee.* Chap. xii. 9.

- 1 **O**PPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,
 Fightings without, and fears within ;
 While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
 Assault and terrify my mind.

- 2 What strength have I against such foes,
Such hosts and legions to oppose?
Alas! I tremble, faint and fall;
Lord, save me, or I give up all.
- 3 Thus sorely prest I sought the Lord,
To give me some sweet cheering word;
Again I sought, and yet again;
I waited long, but not in vain.
- 4 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
Exactly suited to my need;
"Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakness my great pow'r displays."
- 5 Now I despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before;
Tho' weak, I'm strong; tho' troubled blest,
For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.
- 6 My grace would soon exhausted be,
But his is boundless as the sea;
Then let me boast with holy Paul,
That I am nothing, Christ is all!



G A L A T I A N S.

CXXX. *The inward warfare.* Chap. v. 17.

- 1 **S**TRANGE and mysterious is my life,
What opposites I feel within!
A stable peace, a constant strife;
The rule of grace, the power of sin:
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my head.
- 2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,
But oh! what backwardness to pray,
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden ev'ry day:
I seek *his* will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.
- 3 I call the promises my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;
Yet though their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpress'd and cold:
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.

- 4 I love the holy day of rest,
 When Jesus meets his gather'd saints :
 Sweet day ! of all the week the best ;
 For its return my spirit pants :
 Yet often, through my unbelief,
 It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,
 I know my foes shall lose their aim ;
 And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
 Assur'd of conquest through his name :
 But soon my confidence is slain,
 And all my fears return again.
- 6 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me strive,
 And grace and sin, by turns prevail ;
 I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
 And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale :
 But Jesus has his promise past,
 That grace shall overcome at last.

PHILIPPIANS.

CXXXI. (c) *Contentment* (1) Chap. iv. 11.

- 1 **F**IERCE passions discompose the mind,
 As tempests vex the sea ;
 But calm content and peace we find,
 When, Lord, we turn to thee
- 2 In vain by reason and by rule,
 We try to bend the will ;
 For none but in the Saviour's school,
 Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
 His gracious words to hear,
 Contented with my present state,
 I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ? (he said)
 Then how canst thou complain ?
 How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
 With everlasting pain.
- 5 " If thou of murmuring would'st be cur'd
 Compare thy griefs with mine ;
 Think what my love for thee endur'd,
 And thou wilt not repine.

- 6 "Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
 And I do all things well ;
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
 And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 "In life my grace shall strength supply,
 Proportion'd to thy day ;
 At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
 To wipe thy tears away."
- 8 Thus I who once my wretched days,
 In vain repinings spent ;
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
 Have learn'd to be content.

 H E B R E W S .

CXXXII. (c) *Old Testament Gospel.* Chap. iv. 2.

- 1 **I**SRÆL in ancient day,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learned the gospel too :
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-besprinkled door, (1)
 Seen with enlightened eyes,
 And once apply'd with power,
 Would teach the need of other blood,
 To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth,
 His perfect innocence, (2)
 Whose blood of matchless worth,
 Should be the soul's defence ;
 For he who can for sin atone,
 Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head (3)
 The people's trespass bore,
 And to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more :
 In him our surety seem'd to say,
 "Behold I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free : (4)

(1) Exodus xii. 13. (2) Lev. xii. (3) Lev. xvi. 21.
 (4) Lev. xiv. 51—53.

The type well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea ;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page ;
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age !
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

CXXXIII. *The word quick and powerful.*
Chap. iv. 12, 13.

- 1 **T**HE word of Christ, our Lord,
With whom we have to do ;
Is sharper than a two-edg'd sword,
To pierce the sinner through !
- 2 Swift as the light'ning's blaze,
When awful thunders roll,
It fills the conscience with amaze,
And penetrates the soul.
- 3 No heart can be conceal'd
From his all piercing eyes,
Each thought and purpose stands reveal'd,
Naked, without disguise.
- 4 He sees his people's fears,
He notes their mournful cry,
He counts their sighs and falling tears,
And helps them from on high.
- 5 Tho' feeble is their good,
It has his kind regard ;
Yea, all they would do, if they could (1)
Shall find a sure reward.
- 6 He sees the wicked too,
And will repay them soon,
For all the evil deeds they do,
And all they would have done. (2)
- 7 Since all our secret ways,
Are mark'd and known by thee :
Afford us, Lord, thy light of grace,
That we ourselves may see.

(1) 1 Kings viii. 18.

(2) Matt. v. 28.

CXXXIV, *Looking unto Jesus.* Chap. xii. 2.

- 1 **B**Y various maxims, forms, and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain ;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.
- 2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one ;
To keep my Lord by faith in view.
This strength supplies and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife ;
And from this pattern courage take
To bear, and suffer for his sake.
- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed ;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.
- 5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes ;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
- 6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own ;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives and will provide.
- 7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conq'ror's crown ;
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.
- 8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand ;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

CXXXV. *Love-Tokens.* Chap. xii. 5—11.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS do not come alone,
A voice attends the rod,
By both he to his saints is known,
A Father and a God !
- 2 " Let not my children slight the stroke
I for chastisement send ;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For I am still their friend.

- 3 " The wicked I perhaps may leave
 Awhile, and not reprove ;
 But all the children I receive,
 I scourge, because I love.
- 4 " If therefore we were left without
 This needful discipline ;
 You might with cause admit a doubt,
 If you indeed were mine.
- 5 " Shall earthly parents then expect
 Their children to submit ?
 And will not you when I correct,
 Be humbled at my feet ?
- 6 " To please themselves they oft chastise,
 And put their sons to pain ;
 But you are precious in my eyes,
 And shall not smart in vain.
- 7 " I see your hearts at present fill'd
 With grief and deep distress ;
 But soon this bitter seeds shall yield
 The fruits of righteousness."
- 8 Break thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and shine !
 Let us perceive thee nigh !
 And to each mourning child of thine
 These gracious words apply.

REVELATION.

CXXXVI. *EPHESUS*. Chap, ii. 1—7.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord to Ephesus,
 And thus he speaks to some of us ;
 " Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
 And hold the pastors in my hand.
- 2 " Thy works to me are fully known,
 Thy patience, and thy toil, I own ;
 Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
 Nor canst thou other doctrine hear.
- 3 " Yet I must blame while I approve ;
 Where is thy first, thy fervent love ?
 Dost thou forget my love to thee,
 That thine is grown so faint to me ?
- 4 " Recall to mind the happy days
 When thou wast fill'd with joy and praise ;

Repent, thy former works renew,
Then I'll restore thy comforts too.

5 "Return at once, when I reprove,
Lest I thy candlestick remove;
And thou, too late, thy loss lament,
I warn before I strike,—Repent."

6 Harken to what the spirit saith,
To him that overcomes by faith;
"The fruit of life's unfading tree,
In paradise his food shall be."

CXXXVII. *Smyrna*. Chap. ii. 11.

1 **T**HE message first to Smyrna sent,
A message full of grace;
To all the Saviours flock is meant,
In ev'ry age and place,

2 Thus to his church his chosen bride,
Saith the great First and Last,
"Who ever lives, tho' once he dy'd,
Hold thy profession fast.

3 "Thy works and sorrow well I know,
Perform'd and born for me;
Poor tho' thou art, despis'd and low,
Yet who is rich like thee?

4 "I know thy foes, and what they say,
How long they have blasphem'd;
The Synagogue of Satan, they,
Tho' they would Jews be deem'd.

5 "Tho' Satan for a season rage,
And prisons be your lot;
I am your friend, and I engage
You shall not be forgot.

6 "Be faithful unto death, nor fear
A few short days of strife;
Behold! the prize you soon shall wear
A crown of endless life!"

7 Hear what the holy Spirit saith
Of all who overcome;
They shall escape the second death,
The sinner's awful doom!"

CXXXVII. (c) *Sardis*. Chap. iii. 1—6.

1 **W**RITE to Sardis (saith the Lord)
And write what he declares;

He whose spirit, and whose word,
 Upholds the seven stars :
 All thy works and ways I search,
 Find thy zeal and love decay'd :
 Thou art call'd a living church,
 But thou art cold and dead.

2 " Watch remember, seek and strive,
 Exert thy former pains :
 Let thy timely care revive,
 And strengthen what remains :
 Cleanse thine heart, thy works amend,
 Former times to mind recall ;
 Lest my sudden stroke descend,
 And smite thee once for all.

3 " Yet, I number now in thee
 A few that are upright ;
 These my Father's face shall see,
 And walk with me in white :
 When in judgment I appear,
 They for mine shall be confest ;
 Let my faithful servants hear,
 And woe be to the rest."

CXXXIX. *Philadelphia*. Chap. ii. 7—13.

1 **T**HUS saith the holy One, and true,
 To his beloved faithful few ;
 " Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
 To shut, or open, as I please.

2 " I know thy works and I approve,
 Though small thy strength, sincere thy love ;
 Go on, my word and name to own,
 For none shall rob thee of thy crown,

3 " Before thee see my mercy's door
 Stands open wide to shut no more,
 Fear not temptation's fiery day,
 For I will be thy strength and stay.

4 " Thou hast my promise, hold it fast,
 The trying hour will soon be past ;
 Rejoice, for lo ! I quickly come,
 To take thee to my heav'nly home.

5 " A pillar there no more to move,
 Inscrib'd with all my names of love ?
 A monument of mighty grace,
 Thou shalt for ever have a place."

- 6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
 Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord!
 Let him that hath the ear of faith,
 Attend to what the Spirit saith.

CXL. *Laodicea.* Chap. iii. 14—20.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord, the great Amen,
 The true and faithful witness says!
 He form'd the vast creation's plan,
 And searches all our hearts and ways.
- 2 To some he speaks as once of old,
 "I know thee, thy profession's vain;
 Since thou art neither hot nor cold
 I'll spit thee from me with disdain.
- 3 "Thou boasted I am wise and rich,
 Encreas'd in goods, and nothing need;
 And dost not know thou art a wretch,
 Naked and poor, and blind, and dead.
- 4 "Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
 My message is in mercy sent;
 That thou may'st my compassion prove,
 I can forgive if thou repent.
- 5 "Would'st thou be truly rich and wise?
 Come, buy my gold in fire well try'd;
 My ointment to anoint thine eyes,
 My robe, thy nakedness to hide.
- 6 "See at thy door I stand and knock!
 Poor sinner, shall I wait in vain?
 Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,
 That I may enter with my train.
- 7 "Thou canst not entertain a king,
 Unworthy thou of such a guest!
 But I my own provisions bring,
 To make thy soul a heav'nly feast."

CXLI. *The little Book.* (1) Chap. x.

- 1 **W**HEN the belov'd disciple took
 The angel's little open book,
 Which by the Lord's command he eat,
 It tasted bitter after sweet.
- 2 Thus when the gospel is embrac'd,
 At first 'tis sweeter to the taste
 Than honey, or the honey-comb,
 But there's a bitterness to come.
- (1) Book III. Hymn 27.

- 3 What sweetness does the promise yield,
When by the spirit's pow'r seal'd?
The longing soul is fill'd with good,
Ner feels a wish for other food.
- 4 By these inviting tastes allur'd,
We pass to what must be endur'd ;
For soon we find it is decreed,
That bitter must to sweet succeed.
- 5 When sin revives and shews its pow'r,
When Satan threatens to devour,
When God afflicts and men revile,
We draw our steps with pain and toil.
- 6 When thus deserted, tempest-tost,
The sense of former sweetness lost ;
We tremble lest we were deceiv'd
In thinking that we once believ'd.
- 7 The Lord first makes the sweetness known,
To win and fix us for his own ;
And though we now some bitter meet,
We hope for everlasting sweet.

T A B L E

TO THE FIRST BOOK,

According to the Order and Subject of the Hymns.

GENESIS.		I. KINGS.	
Hymn.	Chap.	Hymn.	Chap.
1	A	31	Ask what I shall
2	Cain and Abel	32	give thee
3	} Walking	33	}
4		with God	
5	Lot in Sodom	34	Queen of Sheba
6	} The Lord	35	Elijah fed by
7		will provide	Ravens.
8	Esau	36	The meal and
9	Jacob's ladder		cruise of oil
10	My name is Jacob	II. KINGS.	
11	Plenty in dearth	37	Jericho, or the
12	Jos. made known		waters healed
	to his brethren	38	Naaman
		39	The borrowed axe.
		40	More with us than
			with them
EXODUS.		I. CHRONICLES.	
13	The bitter waters	41	Faith's review and
14	Jehovah-Rophi		expectation
15	Manna		
16	Manna hoarded		
17	Jehovah-Nissi	NEHEMIAH.	
18	The golden calf	42	The joy of the Lord
			is our strength
LEVITICUS.		JOB.	
19	The true Aaron	43	O that I were as in
NUMBERS.			months past
20	Balaam's wish	44	The change
JOSHUA.		PSALMS.	
21	Gibeon	45	Pleading for mercy
JUDGES.		46	None upon earth
22	Jehovah.Shallom		besides thee
23	Gideon's fleece	47	} The believer's
24	Sampson's lion	48	
I. SAMUEL.		49	He led them by
25	Hannah, or the		a right way,
	throne of grace		
26	Dagon before the Ark	50	What shall I
27	Milch kine draw-		render
	ing the Ark	51	Dwelling in
28	Saul's armour		Mesech
II. SAMUEL.		PROVERBS.	
29	David's fall	52	Wisdom
30	Is this thy kindness	53	A friend that stick-
	to thy friend		eth closer than a
			brother

ECCLESIASTES.		ZECHARIAH.		
Hymn.	Chap.	Hymn.	Chap.	
54	Vanity of life	1	77 A brand plucked	
55	Vanity of the world	1	out of the fire	3
56	Vanity of creatures sanctified	1	78 On one stone shall be seven eyes	3
SOLOMON'S SONG.		79	Praise for the fountain opened	13
57	The name of Jesus	1	MALACHI.	
ISAIAH.		80	They shall be mine saith the Lord	3
58	O Lord I will praise thee	12	MATTHEW.	
59	The River, Refuge and Rock of the church	32	81 The beggar	7
60	Zion, or the city of God	33	82 The leper	8
61	Look unto me and be ye saved	45	83 A sick soul	9
62	The good Physician	45	84 Satan returning	12
63	To the afflicted	54	85 The sower	13
64	The contrite heart	57	86 Wheat and tares	13
65	The future peace and glory of the church	60	87 Peter walking on the waters	14
JEREMIAH.		88	Woman of Canaan	15
66	Trust of the righteous and wicked	17	89 What think he of Christ?	22
67	Jehovah our righteousness	23	90 The foolish virgins	25
68	Ephraim repenting	31	91 Peter sinning and repenting	26
LAMENTATIONS.		MARK.		
69	The Lord is my portion	3	92 Legion dispossessed	5
EZEKIEL.		93	The ruler's daughter raised	5
70	Humbled and silenced by mercy	16	94 But one loaf	8
71	The covenant	36	95 Bartemius	10
72	Jehovah Shammah	48	96 House of prayer	11
DANIEL.		97	The blasted fig-tree	11
73	The power and triumph of faith	3, 6	LUKE.	
74	Belshazzar	5	98 The two debtors	7
JONAH.		99	The good Samaritan	10
75	The gourd	4	100 Martha and Mary	10
ZECHARIAH.		101	the heart taken	11
78	Prayer for the Lord's presence	2	102 The wordling	12
			103 Barren fig-tree	13
			104 The prodigal	15
			105 The rich man and Lazarus	16
			106 The importunate widow	18
			107 Zaccheus	19
			108 Believer's danger and safety	22

LUKE.		ROMANS.	
Hymn.	Chap.	Hymn.	Chap.
109	Father forgive them	23	
110	The two male-factors	23	
JOHN.			
111	Woman of Samaria	4	
112	} Pool of Bethesda	5	
113		5	
114	The disciples at sea	6	
115	Will ye also go away?	6	
116	The resurrection and the life	11	
117	Weeping Mary	20	
118	} Lovest thou me?	21	
119		21	
ACTS.			
120	Death of Stephen	7	
121	The rebel's surrender to grace	9	
122	Peter released from prison	12	
123	The trembling gaoler	16	
124	The exorcist	19	
125	Paul's voyage	27	
ROMANS.			
126	The good that I would I do not	7	
127	Salvation drawing nearer	13	
		I. CORINTHIANS.	
128	That rock was Christ	10	
		II. CORINTHIANS.	
129	My grace is sufficient for thee	12	
		GALATIANS.	
130	The inward warfare.	5	
		PHILIPPIANS.	
131	Contentment	4	
		HEBREWS.	
132	Old Testament gospel	4	
133	The word quick and powerful	4	
134	Looking unto Jesus	12	
135	Love-tokens	12	
		REVELATION.	
136	Ephesus	2	
137	Smyrna	2	
138	Sardis	3	
139	Philadelphia	3	
140	Laodicea	3	
141	The little book	10	

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

OLNEY HYMNS.

BOOK II.

ON OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| I. SEASONS. | III. PROVIDENCES. |
| II. ORDINANCES. | IV. CREATION. |

I. SEASONS.

NEW-YEAR'S HYMNS.

I. *Time how swift.*

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.
- 2 As the wing'd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the light'ning from the skies,
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

II. *Time how short.*

- 1 **T**IME, with an unwearied hand,
Pushes round the seasons past ;
And in life's frail glass, the sand
Sinks apace, not long to last :

- Many, as well as you or I,
 Who last year assembled thus,
 In their silent graves now lie ;
 Graves will open soon for us !
- 2 Daily sin, and care, and strife,
 While the Lord prolongs our breath,
 Make it but a dying life,
 Or a kind of living death :
 Wretched they, and most forlorn,
 Who no better portion know ;
 Better ne'er to have been born,
 Than to have our all below.
- 3 When constrain'd to go alone,
 Leaving all you love behind,
 Ent'ring on a world unknown,
 What will then support your mind ?
 When the Lord his summons sends, (1)
 Earthly comforts lose their pow'r ;
 Honour, riches, kindred, friends,
 Cannot cheer a dying hour.
- 4 Happy souls who fear the Lord !
 Time is not too swift for you ;
 When your Saviour gives the word,
 Glad you'll bid the world adieu :
 Then he'll wipe away your tears,
 Near himself appoint your place ;
 Swifter fly, ye rolling years,
 Lord, we long to see thy face.

III. *Uncertainty of Life.*

- 1 **S**EE ! another year is gone !
 Quickly have the seasons past !
 This we enter now upon,
 May to many prove their last :
 Mercy hitherto has spar'd,
 But have mercies been improv'd ?
 Let us ask, Am I prepar'd ?
 Should I be this year remov'd ?
- 2 Some we now no longer see,
 Who their mortal race have run ;
 Seem'd as fair for life as we,
 When the former year begun ;
 Some, but who God only knows,
 Who are here assembled now,

(1) Isaiah x. 3.

Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

- 3 Life a field of battle is,
Thousands fall within our view ;
And the next death-bolt that flies,
May be sent to me or you :
While we preach, and while we hear,
Help us, Lord, each one to think,
Vast eternity is near,
I am standing on the brink.
- 4 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace ;
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see thy face :
To thy saints, while here below ;
With new years, new mercies come ;
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last which leads them home.

IV. *A New-Year's Thought and Prayer.*

- 1 **T**IME, by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day,
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years :
Thus another year is flown,
Now it is no more our own ;
If it brought or promis'd good,
Than the years before the flood.
- 2 But (may none of us forget)
It has left us much in debt ;
Favours from the Lord receiv'd,
Sins that have his Spirit griev'd,
Mark'd by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand ;
Who can tell the vast amount,
Plac'd to each of our account ?
- 3 Happy the believing soul !
Christ for you has paid the whole ;
While you own the debt is large,
You may plead a full discharge :
But, poor careless sinner, say,
What can you to justice pay ?
Tremble, lest when life is past,
Into prison you be cast !

- 4 Will you still increase the score?
 Still be careless as before?
 Oh, forbid it, gracious Lord,
 Touch their spirits by thy word:
 Now, in mercy to them, show,
 What a mighty debt they owe!
 All their unbelief subdue,
 Let *them* find forgiveness too.
- 5 Spar'd to see another year,
 Let thy blessing meet us here;
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
 Sun of Righteousness arise!
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;
 Let our pray'r thy bowels move,
 Make this year a time of love.

V. *Death and War.* 1778.

- 1 **H**ARK! how time's wide sounding bell
 Strikes on each attentive ear!
 Tolling loud the solemn knell
 Of the late departed year:
 Years, like mortals, wear away,
 Have their birth and dying day;
 Youthful spring, and wintry age,
 Then to others quit the stage.
- 2 Sad experience may relate
 What a year the last has been!
 Crops of sorrow have been great,
 From the fruitful seeds of sin:
 Oh! what numbers gay and blithe,
 Fell by death's unsparing scythe!
 While they thought the world their own,
 Suddenly he mow'd them down.
- 3 See how war with dreadful stride,
 Marches at the Lord's command:
 Spreading desolation wide,
 Through a once much-favour'd land:
 War, with heart and arms of steel,
 Preys on thousands at a meal;
 Daily drinking human gore,
 Still he thirsts and calls for more.
- 4 If the God, whom we provoke,
 Hither should his way direct;

- What a sin-avenging stroke
 May a land like this expect !
 They who now securely sleep,
 Quickly then would wake and weep ;
 And too late would learn to fear,
 When they saw the danger near.
- 5 You are safe who know his love,
 He will all his truth perform ;
 To your souls a refuge prove,
 From the rage of ev'ry storm :
 But we tremble for the youth ;
 Teach them, Lord, thy saving truth ;
 Join them to thy faithful few,
 Be to them a refuge too.

VI. *Earthly Prospects deceitful.*

- 1 **O**FT in vain the voice of truth,
 Solemnly and loudly warns ;
 Thoughtless, unexperienc'd youth,
 Though it hears, the warning scorns :
 Youth in fancy's glass surveys
 Life prolong'd to distant years,
 While the vast imagin'd space
 Fill'd with sweets and joys appears.
- 2 Awful disappointment, soon
 Overclouds the prospect gay ;
 Some their sun goes down at noon,
 Torn by death's strong hand away :
 Where are then their pleasing schemes ?
 Where the joys they hop'd to find ?
 Gone for ever, like their dreams,
 Leaving not a trace behind.
- 3 Others, who are spar'd awhile,
 Live to weep o'er fancy's cheat ;
 Find distress, and pain, and toil,
 Bitter things instead of sweet :
 Sin has spread a curse around,
 Poison'd all things here below ;
 On this base polluted ground,
 Peace and joy can never grow.
- 4 Grace alone can cure our ills,
 Sweeten life with all its cares ;
 Regulate our stubborn wills,
 Save us from surrounding snares :

Though you oft have heard in vain,
 Former years in folly spent ;
 Grace invites you yet again,
 Once more calls you to repent.

- 5 Call'd again, at length, beware,
 Hear the Saviour's voice, and live ;
 Lest he in his wrath should swear,
 He no more will warning give :
 Pray that you may hear and feel,
 Ere the day of grace be past ;
 Lest your hearts grow hard as steel,
 Or this year should prove your last.



HYMNS before annual Sermons to young People, on
 New-Year's Evenings.

VII. *Prayer for a Blessing.*

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name ;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.
- 5 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship thee,
 And praise thee in our room.

VIII. (c) *Another.*

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace ;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

- 2 Grace is a plant, whene'er it grows
Of pure and heavenly root :
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love !
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh ! join the public pray'r !
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's pow'r to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

IX. *Another.*

- 1 **N**OW my fervent pray'r arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies ;
Fervent pray'r shall bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.
- 2 Bless, O Lord, the opening year,
To each soul assembled here ;
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
Make us willing to be thine.
- 3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep !
Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee !
- 4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth ;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.
- 5 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the desert of sin ;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 6 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;

Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

- 7 Bless us all both old and young ;
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue ;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy pow'r, and all thy love.

X. *Casting the Gospel Net.*

- 1 **W**HEN Peter thro' the tedious night, (1)
Had often cast his net in vain ;
Soon as the Lord appear'd in sight
He gladly let it down again.
- 2 Once more the gospel net we cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own ;
We learn from disappointments past
To rest our hope on thee alone.
- 3 Upheld by thy supporting hand,
We enter on another year ;
And now we meet at thy command,
To seek thy gracious presence here.
- 4 May this be a much favour'd hour
To souls in Satan's bondage led ;
O clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r
To break the rocks and raise the dead !
- 5 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
Who young in years are old in sin ;
And by thy spirit, and thy truth,
Shew them the state their souls are in.
- 6 'Then, by a Saviour's dying love
To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their sun, and strength, and shield.
- 7 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine ;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 8 O hear our pray'r, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

XI. (c) *Pleading for and with youth.*

- 1 **S**IN has undone our wretched race,
But Jesus has restor'd,

(1) Luke v. 4.

- And brought the sinner face to face
With his forgiving Lord.
- 2 This we repeat from year to year,
And press upon our youth ;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
Lord, save them by thy truth.
- 3 Blessings upon the rising race !
Make this an happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.
- 4 We feel for your unhappy state,
(May you regard it too)
And would awhile ourselves forget ;
To pour out pray'r for you.
- 5 We see, though you perceive it not,
The approaching, awful doom ;
O tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come !
- 6 Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
Spread an alarm abroad ;
And cry, in ev'ry careless ear,
" Prepare to meet thy God !

XII. (c) *Prayer for Children.*

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, our children see,
By thy mercy we are free ;
But shall these, alas ! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign ?
Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threat'ned to withhold ; (1)
Then the messenger said, " No ;
Let the children also go."
- 2 When the angel of the Lord
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land : (2)
Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
Where the bloody sign was plac'd ;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these !
- 3 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,

(1) Exod. x. 9.

(2) Exod. xii. 13.

Wheeling round his watchful flight,
 Keeps them ever in his sight :
 Spread thy pinions, King of kings !
 Hide them safe beneath thy wings ;
 Lest the rav'nous bird of prey
 Stoop, and bear the brood away.

XIII. *The Shunamite.* (1)

- 1 **T**HE Shunamite oppress'd with grief,
 When she had lost the son she lov'd,
 Went to Elisha for relief,
 Nor vain her application prov'd.
- 2 He sent his servant on before
 To lay a staff upon his head ;
 This *he* could do, but do no more,
 He left him, as he found him, dead.
- 3 But when the Lord's almighty pow'r
 Wrought with the prophet's pray'r and faith,
 The mother saw a joyful hour,
 She saw her child restor'd from death.
- 4 Thus, like the weeping Shunamite,
 For many, dead in sin, we grieve ;
 Now, Lord, display thine arm of might,
 Cause them to hear thy voice and live.
- 5 Thy preachers bear the staff in vain,
 Though at thine own command we go ;
 Lord, we have try'd, and try'd again,
 We find them dead, and leave them so.
- 6 Come then thyself—to ev'ry heart
 The glory of thy name make known ;
 The means are our appointed part,
 The pow'r and grace are thine alone.

XIV. *ELIJAH'S Prayer.* (2)

- 1 **D**OES it not our grief and wonder move,
 To think of Israel's shameful fall ?
 Who needed miracles to prove
 Whether the Lord is God or Baal !
- 2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
 His features glow with love and zeal,
 In faith and prayer he lifts his hand,
 And makes to heav'n his great appeal.
- 3 " O God ! if I thy servant am,
 If 'tis thy message fills my heart ;

(1) 2 Kings, iv. 31.

(2) 1 Kings xviii.

- Now glorify thy holy name,
And show this people who thou art!"
- 4 He spake, and lo! a sudden flame
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone;
The people struck, at once proclaim
"The Lord is God, the Lord alone."
- 5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than God appear;
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the God of Israel hear!
- 6 Lord, if thy servant speak thy truth,
If he indeed is sent by thee;
Confirm the word to all our youth,
And let them thy salvation see.
- 7 Now may the Spirit's holy fire
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word;
Consume each hurtful vain desire,
And make them know thou art the Lord.

XV. *Preaching to the dry Bones.* (1)

- 1 **P**REACHERS may from Ezekiel's case,
Draw hope in this declining day;
A proof, like this, of sov'reign grace,
Should chase our unbelief away.
- 2 When sent to preach to mould'ring bones,
Who could have thought he would succeed?
But well he knew the Lord, from stones
Could raise up Abra'm's chosen seed.
- 3 Can these be made a num'rous host,
And such dry bones new life receive?
The prophet answer'd, "Lord thou know'st
They shall, if thou commandment give."
- 4 Like him around I cast mine eye,
And oh! what heaps of bones appear;
Like him, by Jesus sent, I'll try,
For he can cause the dead to hear.
- 5 Hear, ye dry bones, the Saviour's word!
He, who when dying, gasp'd, "Forgive,"
That gracious sinner-loving Lord,
Says, "Look to me, dry bones, and live."
- 6 Thou heav'nly wind awake and blow,
In answe'r to the pray'r of faith;

(1) Ezekiel xxxvii.

Now thine almighty influence show,
And fill dry bones with living breath.

- 7 O make them hear, and feel, and shake,
And, at thy call, obedient move ;
The bonds of death and Satan break,
And bone to bone unite in love.

XVI. *The Rod of MOSES.*

- 1 **W**HEN Moses wav'd his mystic rod,
What wonders follow'd while he spoke ?
Firm as a wall the waters stood (1)
Or gush'd in rivers from the rock ! (2)
- 2 At his command the thunder roll'd,
Light'ning and hail his voice obey'd, (3)
And Pharaoh trembled to behold
His land in desolation laid.
- 3 But what could Moses' rod have done
Had he not been divinely sent ?
The pow'r was from the Lord alone,
And Moses but the instrument.
- 4 O Lord, regard thy people's pray'rs !
Assist a worm to preach aright ;
And since thy gospel rod he bears,
Display thy wonders in our sight.
- 5 Proclaim the thunders of thy law,
Like light'ning let thine arrows fly,
That careless sinners, struck with awe,
For refuge may to Jesus cry !
- 6 Make streams of godly sorrow flow
From rocky hearts, unus'd to feel ;
And let the poor in spirit know
That thou art near, their griefs to heal.
- 7 But chiefly, we would now look up,
To ask a blessing for our youth,
The rising generations hope,
That they may know and love the truth.
- 8 Arise, O Lord, afford a sign !
Now shall our pray'rs success obtain,
Since both the means and pow'r are thine,
How can the rod be rais'd in vain.

XVII. *GOD speaking from Mount Zion.*

- 1 **T**HE God who once to Israel spoke
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,

(1) Exod. xiv. 21. (2) Num. xx. 11. (3) Exod. ix. 23.

- In gentler strains of gospel grace,
Invites us now to seek his face.
- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
He speaks in love, from Zion, now ;
It is the voice of Jesus' blood,
Calling poor wand'ers home to God.
- 3 The holy Moses quak'd and fear'd
When Sinai's thund'ring law he heard ;
But reigning grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the sinner as a child.
- 4 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds ;
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;
" Pardon and grace I freely give,
Poor sinner look to me and live."
- 5 What other arguments can move
The heart that slights a Saviour's love !
Yet till Almighty pow'r constrain,
This matchless love is preach'd in vain.
- 6 O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt !
Deeply impress upon our youth
The light and force of gospel truth.
- 7 With the new-year may we begin
To live to thee, and die to sin ;
To enter by the narrow way
Which leads to everlasting day.
- 8 How will they else thy presence bear,
When as a Judge thou shalt appear ;
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And the whole earth like Sinai burn !

XVIII. *A Prayer for Power on the Means of Grace.*

- 1 **O** THOU ! at whose Almighty word
The glorious light from darkness sprung !
Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.
- 2 Tho' 'tis thy truth he hopes to speak,
He cannot give the hearing ear ;
' Tis thine, the stubborn heart to break,
And make the careless sinner fear.
- 3 As when of old, the water flow'd
Forth from the rock at thy command ; (1)

(1) Numbers xx. 11.

- Moses in vain had wav'd his rod,
 Without thy wonder-working hand.
- 4 As when the walls of Jericho (1)
 Down to the earth at once were cast ;
 It was thy power that brought them low,
 And not the trumpet's feeble blast.
- 5 'Thus we would in the means be found,
 And thus on thee alone, depend ;
 'To make the gospel's joyful sound
 Effectual to the promis'd end.
- 6 Now while we hear thy word of grace,
 Let self and pride before it fall ;
 And rocky hearts dissolve apace,
 In streams of sorrow at thy call.
- 7 On all our youth assembled here,
 The unction of thy Spirit pour ;
 Nor let them lose another year,
 Lest thou shouldst strive and call no more.

XIX. *ELIJAH'S Mantle.* 2 Kings ii. 11—14.

- 1 **E**LISHA, struck with grief and awe,
 Cry'd, "Ah! where now is Israel's stay?"
 When he his honour'd master saw
 Borne by a fiery car away.
- 2 But while he look'd a last adieu,
 His mantle, as it fell, he caught ;
 The Spirit rested on him too,
 And equal miracles he wrought.
- 3 "Where is Elijah's God," he cry'd,
 And with his mantle smote the flood,
 His word controul'd the swelling tide,
 Th' obedient waters upright stood.
- 4 The wonder-working gospel, thus
 From hand to hand has been convey'd ;
 We have the mantle still with us,
 But where, O where, the Spirit's aid ?
- 5 When Peter first his mantle wav'd, (2)
 How soon it melted hearts of steel !
 Sinners, by thousands, then were sav'd,
 But now how few its virtues feel !
- 6 Where is Elijah's God the Lord,
 Thine Israel's hope, and joy, and boast ?
 Reveal thy arm, confirm thy word,
 Give us another Pentecost !

(1) Joshua vi. 20.

(2) Acts ii.

- 7 Assist thy Messenger to speak,
 And while he aims to lisp thy truth,
 The bonds of sin and Satan break,
 And pour thy blessing on our youth.
- 8 For them we now approach thy throne,
 Teach them to know and love thy name ;
 Then shall thy thankful people own
 Elijah's God is still the same.

HYMNS after Sermons to young People on New-Year's
 Evenings, suited to the Subjects.

XX. *DAVID'S Charge to SOLOMON.* 1 Chron.
 xxviii. 9.

- 1 **O** DAVID'S Son, and David's Lord !
 From age to age thou art the same ;
 Thy gracious presence now afford,
 And teach our youth to know thy name.
- 2 Thy people Lord tho' oft distress,
 Upheld by thee, thus far are come,
 And now we long to see thy rest,
 And wait thy word to call us home.
- 3 Like David, when this life shall end,
 We trust in thee, sure peace to find ;
 Like him, to thee we now commend
 The children we must leave behind.
- 4 Ere long, we hope to be, where care,
 And sin, and sorrow never come ;
 But oh ! accept our humble pray'r,
 That these may praise thee in our room.
- 5 Shew them how vile they are by sin,
 And wash them in thy cleansing blood ;
 Oh, make them willing to be thine,
 And be to them a cov'nant God.
- 6 Long may thy light and truth remain
 To bless this place when we are gone ;
 And numbers here be born again,
 To dwell forever near thy throne.

XXI. *The LORD'S call to his Children.* 2 Cor.
 vi. 17, 18.

- 1 **L**ET us adore the grace that seeks
 To draw our hearts above !
 Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
 And ev'ry word is love.

- 2 Tho' fill'd with awe, before his throne
 Each angel veils his face,
 He claims a people for his own
 Amongst our sinful race.
- 3 Careless, awhile they live in sin,
 Enslav'd to Satan's pow'r ;
 But they obey the call divine,
 In his appointed hour.
- 4 " Come forth, he says, no more pursue
 The path that leads to death ;
 Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
 Look, and be sav'd by faith.
- 5 " My sons and daughters you shall be,
 Thro' the atoning blood ;
 And you shall claim, and find in me,
 A Father, and a God."
- 6 Lord, speak these words to ev'ry heart,
 By thine all-powerful voice ;
 That we may now from sin depart,
 And make thy love our choice.
- 7 If now we learn to seek thy face,
 By Christ the living way ;
 We'll praise thee for this hour of grace,
 Thro' an eternal day.

XXII. *The Prayer of JABEZ.* 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

- 1 **J**ESUS, who bought us with his blood,
 And makes our souls his care ;
 Was known of old as Israel's God,
 And answer'd Jabez' pray'r.
- 2 Jabez ! a child of grief ! the name
 Befits poor sinners well ;
 For Jesus bore the cross and shame,
 To save our souls from hell.
- 3 Teach us, O Lord, like him to plead
 For mercies from above :
 O come, and bless our souls indeed,
 With light, and joy, and love.
- 4 The gospel's promis'd land is wide,
 We fain would enter in ;
 But we are press'd on ev'ry side
 With unbelief and sin.
- 5 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,
 Let us possess the whole ;

That Satan may no longer boast,
He can thy work controul.

- 6 Oh, may thy hand be with us still,
Our Guide and Guardian be ;
To keep us safe from ev'ry ill,
Till death shall set us free.
- 7 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest ;
That Israel's God, who heareth pray'r
Will grant us our request.

XXIII. *Waiting at Wisdom's Gates.* Prov. viii.
34, 35.

- 1 **E**NSNAR'D too long my heart has been
In folly's hurtful ways ;
Oh, may I now, at length, begin
To hear what wisdom says !
- 2 'Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,
Invites me to his rest ;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.
- 3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
While it is call'd to day ;
No one who watches there and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.
- 4 He will not let me seek in vain,
For all who trust his word,
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.
- 5 Lord I have hated thee too long,
And dar'd thee to thy face ;
I've done my soul exceeding wrong
In slighting all thy grace.
- 6 Now I would break my league with death,
And live to thee alone ;
Oh let thy Spirit's seal of faith,
Secure me for thine own.
- 7 Let all the saints assembled here,
Yea, let all heav'n rejoice ;
That I begin with this new year,
To make the Lord my choice.

XXIV. *Asking the Way to Zion.* Jer. I. v.

- 1 **Z**ION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place !

- The Saviour there has his abode ;
And sinners see his face !
- 2 Firm, against ev'ry adverse shock
Its mighty bulwarks prove ;
'Tis built upon the living Rock,
And wall'd around with love.
- 3 There, all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die :
And streams of grace and knowledge flow
The soul to satisfy.
- 4 Come set your faces Zion-ward,
The sacred road enquire ;
And let a union to the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.
- 5 The gospel shines to give you sight,
No longer then delay ;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.
- 6 O Lord, regard thy peoples's pray'r,
Thy promise now fulfil ;
And young and old by grace prepare,
To dwell on Zion's hill.

XXV. *We were PHARAOH'S Bondmen.*
Deut. vi. 20—23.

- 1 **B**ENEATH the tyrant Satan's yoke
Our souls were long opprest ;
Till grace our galling fetters broke,
And gave the weary rest.
- 2 Jesus, in that important hour,
His mighty arm made known ;
He ransom'd us by price and pow'r.
And claim'd us for his own.
- 3 Now freed from bondage, sin and drath,
We walk in wisdom's ways ;
And wish to spend our ev'ry breath,
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 4 Ere long, we hope with him to dwell,
In yonder world above ;
And now we only live to tell
The riches of his love.
- 5 O might we, ere we hence remove,
Prevail upon our youth

To seek, that they may likewise prove,
His mercy and his truth.

- 6 Like Simeon, we shall gladly go, (1)
When Jesus calls us home ;
If they are left a seed below,
To serve him in our room.
- 7 Lord, hear our pray'r, indulge our hope,
On these thy Spirit pour ;
That they may take our story up,
When we can speak no more.

XXVI. *Travelling in Birth for Souls.* Gal. iv. 19.

- 1 **W**HAT contradictions meet
In ministers employ !
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy :
No other post affords a place
For equal honour, or disgrace !
- 2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel ;
Constrain'd, to speak in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel !
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt.
- 3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth ;
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth :
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinner's hearts.
- 4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content ;
But, with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event ;
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd ?
- 5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are over-paid
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

(1) Luke ii. 29.

- 6 On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow :
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

XXVII. *We are Ambassadors for CHRIST:*
2 Cor. v, 20.

- 1 **T**HY message, by the preacher, seal,
And let thy pow'r be known ;
That ev'ry sinner here may feel
The word is not his own.
- 2 Amongst the foremost of the throng
Who dare thee to thy face,
He in rebellion stood too long,
And fought against thy grace.
- 3 But grace prevail'd, he mercy found,
And now by thee is sent,
To tell his fellow rebels round,
And call them to repent.
- 4 In Jesus, God is reconcil'd,
The worst may be forgiven ;
Come, and he'll own you as a child,
And make you heirs of heav'n.
- 5 Oh, may the word of gospel truth
Your chiefs desires engage ;
And Jesus be your guide in youth,
Your joy in hoary age.
- 6 Perhaps the year, that's now begun,
May prove to some their last ;
The sands of life may soon be run,
The day of grace be past.
- 7 Think, if you slight this embassy,
And will not warning take ;
When Jesus in the clouds you see,
What answer will you make ?

XXVIII. *PAUL'S farewell Charge.*
Acts xx. 26, 27.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends
It was a weeping day ;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

- 2 Ere long they met again with joy,
 (Secure no more to part)
 Where praises every tongue employ,
 And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
 Their children soon shall meet;
 Together see their Saviour's face,
 And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
 Tho' oft and plainly warn'd;
 Will tremble, when they meet again,
 The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall
 If any perish here;
 The preachers who have told you all,
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
 Is not there utmost view;
 Oh! hear their pray'r, thy message own,
 And save their hearers too.

XXIX. *How shall I put thee among the Children?*
 Jer. iii. 19.

- 1 **A**LAS! by nature how deprav'd,
 How prone to ev'ry ill!
 Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
 How obstinate our will!
- 2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
 Such rebel's reconcil'd?
 Can grace itself the means afford
 To make a foe a child?
- 3 Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means
 Which shall effectual prove;
 To cleanse us from our countless sins,
 And teach our hearts to love.
- 4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
 And dy'd that we may live;
 His blood a full atonement makes,
 And cries aloud, "Forgive."
- 5 Yet one thing more must grace provide
 To bring us home to God;
 Or we shall slight the Lord, who dy'd,
 And trample on his blood.

- 6 The holy Spirit must reveal
 The Saviour's work and worth :
 Then the hard heart begins to feel
 A new and heav'nly birth.
- 7 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
 Redeem'd and sav'd, by grace ;
 Rebels, in God's own house obtain
 A son's and daughter's place.

XXX. *Winter.* (1)

- 1 **S**EE, how rude winter's icy hand,
 Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground !
 But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties all around,
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns ;
 Barren and fruitless I remain :
 When will the gentle spring return,
 And bid my graces grow again !
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise !
 'Tis his the frozen heart to move ;
 Oh ! hush these storms and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love !
- 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear ;
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die ?
 Must it be winter all the year ?
- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait this hour,
 With humble pray'r and patient faith ;
 Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
 Repose on what his promise saith.
- 6 He, by whose all commanding word, (2)
 Season's their changing course maintain
 In ev'ry change a pledge affords
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

XXXI, *Waiting for Spring.*

- 1 **T**HO cloudy skies, and northern blasts
 Retard the gentle spring a while ;
 The sun will conqueror prove at last,
 And nature wear a vernal smile.
- 2 The promise which from age to age,
 Has brought the changing seasons round :
 Again shall claim the winter's rage,
 Perfume the air and paint the ground.

(1) Book III. Hymn 31.

(2) Genesis viii. 22.

- 3 The virtue of that first command,
I know still does and will prevail ;
That while the earth itself shall stand,
The spring and summer shall not fail.
- 4 Such changes are for us decreed ;
Believers have their winters too ;
But spring shall certainly succeed,
And all their former life renew.
- 5 Winter and spring have each their use,
And each, in turn, his people know ;
One kills the weeds their hearts produce,
The other makes their graces grow.
- 6 Tho' like dead trees awhile they seem
Yet having life within their root,
The welcome spring's reviving beam
Draws forth their blossoms, leaves and fruit.
- 7 But if the tree indeed be dead,
It feels no change, tho' spring return,
Its leafless, naked, barren, head,
Proclaims it only fit to burn.
- 8 Dear Lord, afford our souls a spring,
Thou know'st our winter has been long ;
Shine forth, and warm our hearts to sing,
And thy rich grace shall be our song.

XXXII. *Spring.*

- 1 **B**LEAK winter is subdu'd at length,
And forc'd to yield the day ;
The sun has wasted all his strength,
And driven him away.
- 2 And now long wish'd for spring is come,
How altered is the scene !
The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.
- 3 Where'er we tread, beneath our feet
The clust'ring flowers spring :
The artful birds, in concert sweet
Invite our hearts to sing.
- 4 But ah ! in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt ;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Tho' all is spring without.

- 5 Oh! would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' these clouds and shine!
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.
- 6 Till then—no softly warbling thrush,
Nor cowslip's sweet perfume;
Nor beauties of each painted bush,
Can dissipate my gloom..
- 7 To Adam, soon as he transgress'd,
Thus Eden bloom'd in vain;
Not paradise could give him rest,
Or sooth his heart-felt pain.
- 8 Yet here an emblem I perceive
Of what the Lord can do;
Dear Saviour help me to believe,
That I may flourish too.
- 9 Thy word can soon my hopes revive,
Can overcome my foes:
And make my languid graces thrive
And blossom like the rose.

XXXIII. *Another.*

- 1 PLEASING spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!
Where, in winter, all was snow,
Now the flow'rs in clusters grow
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest day.
- 2 What a change has taken place
Emblem of the spring of grace;
How the soul, in winter, mourns
Till the Lord the sun returns?
Till the Spirit's gentle rain,
Bids the heart revive again;
Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
And each grace springs afresh.
- 3 Lord afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see;
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song!
Winter threat'ned to destroy
Faith and love, and ev'ry joy;

If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not yield thee fruit.

- 4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice ;
O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past :
On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil ;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life, to what seem'd dead before.
- 5 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come !
Where the saints no winter fear,
Where 'tis spring throughout the year :
How unlike this state below !
There the flow'rs unwith'ring blow ;
There no chilling blasts annoy,
All is love, and bloom, and joy.

XXXIV. *Summer Storms.* (1)

- 1 **T**HO' the morn may be serene,
Not a threat'ning cloud be seen ;
Who can undertake to say
'Twill be pleasant all the day ?
Tempests suddenly may rise,
Darkness overspread the skies !
Light'nings flash and thunders roar,
Ere a short-liv'd day be o'er.
- 2 Often thus, the child of grace,
Enters on his Christian race ;
Guilt and fear have overborne,
'Tis with him a summer's morn ;
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things seem to smile around ;
And he hopes it will be fair,
All the day, and all the year.
- 3 Should we warn him of a change,
He would think the caution strange ;
He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring storm appears ; (2)
Till dark clouds his sun conceal,
Till temptation's pow'r he feel ;
Then he trembles, and looks pale,
All his hopes and courage fail.

- 4 But the wonder-working Lord,
 Sooths the tempest by his word ;
 Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
 And his sun breaks forth again :
 Soon the cloud again returns,
 Now he joys, and now he mourns ;
 Oft his sky is overcast,
 Ere the day of life be past.
- 5 Try'd believers too can say.
 In the course of one short day,
 Tho' the morning has been fair,
 Prov'd a golden hour of pray'r ;
 Sin and Satan, long ere night,
 Have their comforts put to flight ;
 Ah ! what heart-felt peace and joy
 Unexpected storms destroy.
- 6 Dearest Saviour, call us soon
 To thine high eternal noon ;
 Never there shall tempest rise
 To conceal thee from our eyes :
 Satan shall no more deceive,
 We no more thy Spirit grieve ;
 But thro' cloudless, endless days,
 Sound, to golden harps, thy praise.

XXXV. *Hay-time.*

- 1 **T**HE grass and flow'rs which clothe the field,
 And look so green and gay ;
 Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
 And fall, and fade away.
- 2 Fit emblem of our mortal state !
 Thus in the scripture glass,
 The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
 May see themselves but grass. (1)
- 3 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
 Nor call your time your own ;
 Around you see the scythe of death
 Is mowing thousands down.
- 4 And you, who hitherto are spar'd,
 Must shortly yield your lives ;
 Your wisdom is to be prepar'd,
 Before the stroke arrives.
- 5 The grass, when dead, revives no more :
 You die to live again ;

(1) *Isaiah xi. 7.*

But oh! if death should prove the door
To everlasting pain.

- 6 Lord help us to obey thy call,
That from our sins set free;
When, like grass, our bodies fall,
Our souls may spring to thee.

XXXVI. *Harvest.*

- 1 **S**EE! the corn again in ear!
How the fields and vallies smile!
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil.
Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have sinn'd, but thou art good.

- 2 While I view the plenteous grain
As it ripens on the stalk;
May I not instruction gain,
Helpful to my daily walk?
All this plenty of the field
Was produc'd from foreign seeds;
For the earth itself would yield
Only crops of useless weeds.

- 3 Tho' when newly sown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground;
(Some might think it thrown away)
Now a large increase is found:
Tho' conceal'd, it was not lost,
Tho' it dy'd it lives again;
Eastern storms, and nipping frosts
Have oppos'd its growth in vain.

- 4 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is our's!
He in season still affords
Kindly heat, and gentle show'rs:
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

- 5 Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy; (1)
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None can grace's crop destroy:

(1) Hosea xiv. 7. Mark iv. 26—29.

Threaten'd oft, tho' still it blooms,
 After many changes past,
 Death, the reaper, when he comes,
 Finds it fully ripe at last.

C H R I S T M A S.

XXVII. *Praise for the Incarnation.*

- 1 **S**WEETER sounds than music knows
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came the angels sung
 " Glory be to God on high ;"
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
 Who shall louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil,
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No, I must praises bring,
 Tho' they worthless are and weak ;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
 Ev'ry precious name in one,
 I will love thee without end.

XXXVIII. (c) *JEHOVAH-JESUS.*

- 1 **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines, eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
 Almighty ruler of the sky ;
 As when the six days work he made,
 Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;

That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see :
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who dy'd for me ;
- 6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine ;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

XXXIX. *Man honoured above Angels.*

- 1 **N**OW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
Yea, sinners may address their King,
In songs that angels cannot sing. *
- 2 They praise the Lamb that once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain ; (1)
Not only say, " He suffer'd thus,"
But that he suffer'd all for us.
- 3 When angels by transgression fell,
Justice confin'd them all to hell ;
But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan,
To save and honour fallen man.
- 4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by, (2)
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die ;
And still he made it his abode,
As man he fills the throne of God.
- 5 Our next of kin, our brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest int'rest claim.
- 6 But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies ;
That we who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
- 7 Oh glorious hour, it comes with speed !
When we from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who dy'd for man,
And praise him more than angels can. (3)

XL. *Saturday Evening.*

- 1 **S**AFELY thro' another week
God has brought us on our way ;

(1) Isa. v. (2) Heb. ii. 26. (3) Book III. Hymn 88.

- Let us now a blessing seek,
 On th' approaching sabbath-day :
 Day of all the week the best ;
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiply'd each hour,
 Tho' the week our praise demand ;
 Guarded by Almighty pow'r,
 Fed and guided by his hand :
 Tho' ungrateful we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
 Thro' the dear Redeemer's name ;
 Shew thy reconcil'd face,
 Shine away our sin and shame :
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear !
 There afford us, Lord, a taste,
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the gospel's joyful sound,
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 May the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints :
 Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above !

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

XLI. EBENEZER. (1)

- 1 **T**HE Lord, our salvation and light,
 The guide and the strength of our days ;
 Has brought us together to-night,
 A new Ebenezer to raise :
 The year we have now passed thro'
 His goodness with blessings has crown'd ;
 Each morning his mercies were new,
 Then let our thanksgiving abound.
- 2 Encompass'd with dangers and snares,
 Temptations, and fears, and complaints ;
 His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,
 His hand open'd wide to our wants :

(1) 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- We never besought him in vain,
 When burden'd with sorrow or sin,
 He help'd us again and again,
 Or where before now had we been ?
- 3 His gospel, throughout the long year,
 From sabbath to sabbath he gave ;
 How oft has he met with us here,
 And shewn himself mighty to save ?
 His candlestick has been remov'd
 From churches once privileg'd thus ;
 But tho' we unworthy have prov'd,
 It still is continu'd to us.
- 4 For so many mercies receiv'd,
 Alas ! what returns have we made ?
 His Spirit we often have griev'd,
 And evil for good have repaid :
 How well it becomes us to cry,
 " Oh, who is a God like to thee ?
 Who passest iniquities by,
 And plungest them deep in the sea !"
- 5 To Jesus who sits on the throne,
 Our best hallelujahs we bring ;
 To thee it is owing alone,
 That we are permitted to sing :
 Assist us, we pray, to lament
 The sins of the year that is past ;
 And grant that the next may be spent
 Far more to thy praise than the last.

XLII. *Another.*

- 1 **L**ET hearts and tongues unite,
 And loud thanksgivings raise ;
 'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
 To sing the Saviour's praise.
- 2 To him we owe our breath ;
 He took us from the womb,
 Which else had shut us up in death,
 And prov'd an early tomb.
- 3 When on the breast we hung,
 Our help was in the Lord ;
 'Twas he first taught our infant tongue
 To form the lisping word.
- 4 When in our blood we lay
 He would not let us die,

- Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.
- 5 In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still ;
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.
- 6 And since his name we knew,
How gracious has he been ;
What dangers has he led us thro',
What mercies have we seen ?
- 7 Now thro' another year
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
" The Lord has help'd thus far."
- 8 Our lot in future years,
Unable to foresee ;
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, " Leave it all to me."
- 9 Yea Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast !
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.



II. O R D I N A N C E S.

XLIII. *On opening a Place for social prayer.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art !
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give our hearts to pray.
- 3 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

- 5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow !
- 6 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs ;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 7 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

XLIV. (c) *Another.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ; (1)
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

XLV. *The Lord's Day.*

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days noise, and care, and toil ;

(1) Isaiah liv. 2.

- Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile ?
- 2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a diff'rent air ;
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 How happy if their lot is cast,
Where stately the gospel sounds !
The word is honey to their taste, [wounds !
Renews their strength, and heals their
- 4 Tho' pinch'd with poverty at home
With sharp affliction daily fed ;
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own house for heav'nly bread !
- 5 With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met ;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 6 This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours ;
May we the privilege improve ;
And find these consecrated hours,
Sweet earnest of the joys above !
- 7 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
Here we thy promis'd presence seek ;
Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

XLVI. *Gospel Privileges.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.
- 3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name ;
And we can witness to his praise ;
His love is still the same.
- 4 Wand'ring in sin, our souls be found,
And bid us seek his face ;
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,
And taste the gospel grace.

- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines
 Before our wond'ring eyes ;
 We wish not, then, for golden mines,
 Or ought beneath the skies.
- 6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
 And makes our burdens light ;
 A word from him dispels our fears,
 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
 Nor would we dare repine ;
 But give us still, to find thee near,
 And own us, still, for thine.
- 8 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
 These tokens of thy love :
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
 To worship thee above.

XLVII. *Another.*

- 1 **H**APPY are they to whom the Lord
 His gracious name makes known !
 And by his Spirit, and his word,
 Adopts them for his own !
- 2 He calls them to his mercy-seat,
 And hears their humble pray'r ;
 And when within his house they meet,
 They find his presence near.
- 3 The force of their united cries
 No pow'r can long withstand ;
 For Jesus helps them from the skies,
 By his Almighty hand.
- 4 Then mountains sink at once to plains ;
 And light from darkness springs :
 Each seeming loss improves their gains,
 Each trouble comfort brings.
- 5 Tho' men despise them, or revile,
 They count the trial small ;
 Whoever frowns, if Jesus smile,
 It makes amends for all.
- 6 Tho' meanly clad, and coarsely fed,
 And, like their Saviour, poor ;
 They would not change their gospel bread
 For all the worldling's store.
- 7 When cheer'd with faith's sublimer joys,
 They mount on eagle's wings ;

They can disdain, as children's toys,
The pride and pomp of kings.

- 8 Dear Lord, assist our souls to pay
The debt of praise we owe ;
That we enjoy a gospel day,
And heav'n begun below.

XLVIII. *Praise for the continuance of the Gospel.* (1)

- 1 **O**NCE, while we aim'd at Zion's songs,
A sudden mourning check'd our tongues ?
Then we were call'd to sow in tears,
The seeds of joy for future years,
- 2 Oft as that memorable hour
The changing year brings round again ;
We meet to praise the love and pow'r,
Which hear'd our cries, and eas'd our pain.
- 3 Come, ye who tremble for the ark,
Unite in praise for answer'd pray'r !
Did not the Lord our sorrows mark ?
Did not our sighing reach his ear ?
- 4 Then smaller griefs were laid aside,
And all our cares sum'd up in one ;
“ Let us but have thy word, we cry'd,
In other things, thy will be done.”
- 5 Since he has granted our request,
And we still hear the gospel voice ;
Altho' by many trials prest,
In this we can and will rejoice.
- 6 Tho' to our lot temptations fall,
Tho' pain and want, and cares annoy ;
The precious gospel sweetens all,
And yields us med'cine, food, and joy,

XLIX. *A Famine of the word.*

- 1 **G**LADNESS was spread thro' Israel's host^t
When first they Manna view'd ;
They labour'd who should gather most,
And thought it pleasant food.
- 2 But when they had it long enjoy'd,
From day to day, the same ;
Their hearts were by the plenty cloy'd,
Altho' from heav'n it came.

(1) Wherever a separation is threatened between a minister and people who dearly love each other, this hymn may be as seasonable as it was once in Olney.

- 3 Thus gospel bread at first is priz'd,
 And makes a people glad ;
 But afterwards, too much despis'd
 When easy to be had.
- 4 But should the Lord, displeas'd withhold,
 The bread his mercy sends :
 To have our houses fill'd with gold,
 Would make but poor amends.
- 5 How tedious would the week appear,
 How dull the sabbath prove ;
 Could we no longer meet to hear
 The precious truths we love ?
- 6 How would believing parents bear
 To leave their heedless youth,
 Expos'd to ev'ry fatal snare,
 Without the light of truth ?
- 7 The gospel, and a praying few,
 Our bulwark long have prov'd ;
 But Olney sure the day will rue,
 When these shall be remov'd.
- 8 Then sin, in this one favor'd town,
 Will triumph unrestrain'd ;
 And wrath and vengeance hasten down,
 No more by pray'r detain'd.
- 9 Preserve us from this judgment, Lord,
 For Jesus' sake we plead ;
 A famine of the gospel word
 Would be a stroke indeed !

L. *Prayer for Ministers.*

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
 From death and sin set free ;
 May ev'ry under-shepherd keep
 His eye, intent on thee !
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
 To execute thy will ;
 Compassion, patience, love and care,
 And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Enflame their minds with holy zeal,
 Their flocks to feed and teach ;
 And let them live, and let them feel
 The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 Oh ! never let the sheep complain,
 That toys, which fools amuse ;

Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain,
Debase the Shepherd's views,

- 5 He that for these, forbears to feed
The souls whom Jesus loves ;
Whate'er he may profess, or plead,
An idle Shepherd proves. (1)
- 6 The sword of God shall break his arm,
A blast shall blind his eye ;
His word shall have no pow'r to warm,
His gifts shall all grow dry.
- 7 O Lord avert this heavy woe,
Let all thy Shepherds say,
And grace and strength, on each bestow,
To labor while 'tis day.

LI. *Prayer for a Revival.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die,
- 2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green :
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth !
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in their bud !

(1) Zechariah. ix. 17.

Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares :
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh,

LII. *Hoping for a Revival.*

- 1 **M**Y harp untun'd and laid aside,
 (To cheerful hours the harp belongs)
 My cruel foes, insulting cry'd,
 " Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."
- 2 Alas! when sinners blindly bold,
 At Zion scoff and Zion's King ;
 When zeal declines and love grows cold
 Is it a day for me to sing ?
- 3 Time was, whene'er the saints I met,
 With joy and praise my bosom glow'd :
 But now, like Eli, sad I sit,
 And tremble for the ark of God!
- 4 While thus to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline,
 Methought I heard my Saviour say,
 " Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
- 5 " Tho' for a time I hide my face,
 Rely upon my love and pow'r :
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.
- 6 „ Take down thy long neglected harp,
 I've seen thy tears, and hear'd thy pray'r,
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But spring shall all its wastes repair."
- 7 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive,
 Come join with me, ye saints, and sing ;
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and healing bring.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

LIII. (c) *Welcome to the Table.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
 And God invites to sup ;
 The juices of the Living vine,
 Were press'd to fill the cup,
- 2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
 With royal dainties fed :
 Not heav'n affords a costlier treat.
 For Jesus is the bread !
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
 Ye trembling souls appear !
 The righteous in their own esteem,
 Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach ye poor, nor dare refuse
 The banquet spread for you ;
 Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
 Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place ;
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

LIV. CHRIST *crucified.*

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross, my Lord I see
 Bleeding to death for wretched me :
 Satan and sin no more can move,
 For I am all transform'd to love,
- 2 His thorns and nails, pierce thro' my heart,
 In ev'ry groan I bear a part ;
 I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
 But see ! he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
 Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood !
 Behold his side, and venture near,
 The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
 Only the fountain-head above,
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel !
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal ;
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
 The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;
 Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
 And Satan trembles at the sound.

LV. (c) *JESUS hasting to Suffer.*

1 **T**HE Saviour, what a noble flame
 Was kindled in his breast,
 When hasting to Jerusalem
 He march'd before the rest !

2 Good-will to men and zeal for God,
 His ev'ry thought engross ;
 He longs to be baptiz'd with blood (1)
 He pants to reach his cross.

3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
 And woes, to us, unknown,
 Forth to the task his spirit flew,
 'Twas love that urg'd him on.

4 Lord, we return thee what we can !
 Our hearts shall sound abroad
 Salvation to the dying Man,
 And to the rising God !

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
 Engage our wond'ring eyes ;
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,
 - And hasten to the skies.

LVI. *It is good to be here.*

1 **L**ET me dwell on Golgotha,
 Weep and love my life away ;
 While I see him on the tree
 Weep and bleed, and die for me !

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
 Shews my sin in all its guilt.
 Ah, my soul, he bore the load,
 Thou hast slain the Lamb of God,

3 Hark ? his dying word, " Forgive
 Father, let the sinner live ;
 Sinner wipe the tears away,
 I thy ransom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
 And obtain a pardon seal'd ;

(1) Luke xii. 50.

- All my soft affections move ;
 Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewel world, thy gold is dross,
 Now I see the bleeding cross ;
 Jesus dy'd to set me free
 From the law, and sin and thee !
- 6 He has dearly bought my soul,
 Lord, accept, and claim the whole !
 To thy will I all resign.
 Now, no more my own, but thine.

LVII. *Looking at the Cross.*

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear ;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood ;
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look ;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Tho' not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
 And plung'd me in despair ;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain ;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
 For I the Lord have slair.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
 I'll die, that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue ;
 (Such is the mystery of grace)
 It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd ;
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

LVIII. *Supplies in the Wilderness.*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, tho' 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And screen'd them from the heat ;
From the hard rocks the water flow'd,
And Manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse pow'rs ;
Like them we pass a desert too ;
But Israel's God is ours.
- 4 Yes, in this barren wilderness,
He is to us the same
By his appointed means of grace,
As once he was to them.
- 5 His word a light before us spreads
By which our path we see ;
His love a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.
- 6 Jesus the bread of life is giv'n
To be our daily food ;
We drink a wond'rous stream from heav'n,
'Tis water, wine and blood.
- 7 Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are divine ;
I envy not the worldling's store,
If Christ and heav'n are mine.

LIX. *Communion with the Saints in glory.*

- 1 **R**EFRESHED by the bread and wine,
The pledges of our Saviour's love ;
Now let our hearts and voices join
In songs of praise with those above.
- 2 Do they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb?"
Altho' we cannot reach their strains,
Yet we thro' grace, can sing the same,
For us he dy'd, for us he reigns.
- 3 If they behold him face to face,
While we a glimpse can only see ;
Yet equal debtors to his grace,
As safe and as belov'd are we.

- 4 They had, like us, a suffering time,
 Our cares and fears, and griefs they knew ;
 But they have conquer'd all thro' him,
 And we, ere long, shall conquer too.
- 5 Tho' all the songs of saints in light,
 Are far beneath his matchless worth :
 His grace is such, he will not slight
 The poor attempt of worms on earth.

ON PRAYER.

LX. (c) *Exhortation to prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r
 But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight ;
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles, when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side (1)
 But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
 Works flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creatures ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent ;
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

LXI. *Power of Prayer*

- 1 **I**N themselves, as weak as worms,
 How can poor believers stand,
 When temptations, foes and storms,
 Press them close on ev'ry hand?

(1) Exod. xvii. 11.

- 2 Weak, indeed, they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace ;
And the God, who answers pray'r
Helps them when they seek his face.
- 3 Tho' the Lord awhile delay,
Succour they at length obtain ;
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.
- 4 Wrestling pray'r can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits ;
Pray'r can force a passage thro'
Iron bars and brazen gates.
- 5 Hezekiah on his knees,
Proud Assyria's host subdu'd ;
And when smitten with disease,
Had his life by pray'r renew'd.
- 6 Peter, tho' confin'd and chain'd,
Pray'r prevail'd and brought him out ;
When Elijah pray'd it rain'd,
After three long years of drought.
- 7 We can likewise witness bear,
That the Lord is still the same ;
Tho' we fear'd he would not hear,
Suddenly deliv'rance came,
- 8 For the wonders he has wrought,
Let us now our praises give ;
And by sweet experience taught.
Call upon him while we live.



ON THE SCRIPTURE.

LXII. (c) *The light and glory of the Word.*

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;

- His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set,
 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heav'nly day.
 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love ;
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

LXIII. *The Word more precious than Gold.*

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford !
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword :
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this I need no more.
 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Tho' it fills, it never cloy :
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed !
 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing med'cines here I find :
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.
 4 In the hour of dark temptation
 Satan cannot make me yield ;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield :
 While the scripture truths are sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.
 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
 When I take the Spirit's Sword ;
 Then with ease I drive him from me,
 Satan trembles at the word :
 'Tis a Sword for conquest made
 Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
 Doating on his golden store?
 Sure I am, or should be wiser,
 I am rich, 'tis he is poor :
 Jesus gives me in his word,
 Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword.



III. PROVIDENCES.

LXIV. *On the commencement of hostilities in America.*

1 **T**HE gath'ring clouds, with aspect dark
 A rising storm presage ;
 Oh to be hid within the ark,
 And shelter'd from its rage !

2 See the commission'd angel frown ! (1)
 That vial in his hand,
 Fill'd with fierce wrath is pouring down
 Upon our guilty land !

3 Ye saints unite in wrestling pray'r,
 If yet there may be hope ;
 Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
 And bid the angel stop ! (2)

4 Already is the plague begun, (3)
 And fir'd with hostile rage,
 Brethren, by blood, and int'rest one,
 With brethren now engage.

5 Peace spreads her wings, prepar'd for flight,
 And war with flaming sword,
 And hasty strikes draws nigh to fight
 The battles of the Lord.

6 The first alarm, alas how few,
 While distant seem to hear !
 But they will hear and tremble too
 When God shall send it near.

7 So thunder o'er the distant hills,
 Gives but a murm'ring sound ;
 But as the tempest spreads, it fills
 And shakes the welkin (4) round.

8 May we, at least, with one consent.
 Fall low before the throne ;
 With tears the nation's sins lament ;
 The churches, and our own.

(1) Rev. xvi. 1. (2) 1 Sam. xxiv, 16.

(3) Numb. xvi. 46. (4) Firmament or Atmosphere.

- 9 The humble souls who mourn and pray,
 The Lord approves and knows ;
 His mark secures them in the day
 When vengeance strikes his foes.

FAST-DAY HYMNS.

LXV. *Confession and Prayer.* Dec. 13. 1776.

- 1 **O**H may the pow'r which melts the rock
 Be felt by all assembled here !
 Or else our service will but mock
 The God who we profess to fear ;
- 2 Lord while thy judgments shake the land,
 Thy peoples eyes are fix'd on thee !
 We own thy just uplifted hand,
 Which thousands cannot will not see,
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
 On this indulg'd ungrateful spot :
 While other nations, far and near,
 Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.
- 4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt.
 The glorious gospel brightly shone ;
 And oft our enemies have felt,
 That God has made our cause his own.
- 5 But ah ! both heav'n and earth have heard
 Our vile requital of his love !
 We, whom like children he has rear'd,
 Rebels against his goodness prove. (1)
- 6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defy'd
 And legions of the blackest crimes,
 Profaneness, riot, lust and pride,
 Are signs that mark the present times.
- 7 The Lord displeas'd, has rais'd his rod ;
 Ah where are now the faithful few
 Who tremble for the ark of God,
 And know what Israel ought to do ? (2)
- 8 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
 Who meet to mourn confess and pray ;
 The nation and thy churches spare,
 And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

(1) Isaiah, i. 2

(2) 1 Chron. xii. 32.

LXVI. *MOSES and AMALEK.* (1)

February 27, 1778.

- 1 **W**HILE Joshua led the armed bands
Of Israel forth to war ;
Moses apart with lifted hands
Engag'd in humble pray'r.
- 2 The armed bands had quickly fail'd,
And perish'd in the fight ;
If Moses' pray'r had not prevail'd,
And put the foes to flight.
- 3 When Moses' hands thro' weakness dropp'd,
The warrior's fainted too ;
Israel's success at once was stopp'd,
And Amelek bolder grew.
- 4 A people, always prone to boast,
Were taught by this suspence,
That not a num'rous arm'd host,
But God was their defence.
- 5 We now of fleets and armies vaunt,
And ships and men prepare,
But men like Moses most we want,
To save the state by pray'r.
- 6 Yet Lord, we hope thou hast prepar'd
A hidden few to-day ;
(The nation's secret strength and guard)
To weep, and mourn, and pray.
- 7 O hear their pray'rs, and grant us aid,
Bid war and discord cease ;
Heal the sad breach which sin has made,
And bless us all with peace.

LXVII. *The hiding Place.* Feb. 10, 1779.

- 1 **S**EE the gloomy gath'ring cloud
Hanging o'er a sinful land !
Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
Times of trouble are at hand ;
Happy they who love his name !
They shall always find him near ;
Tho' the earth were wrapp'd in flame,
They have no just cause for fear.
- 2 Hark his voice in accents mild,
(Oh, how comforting and sweet !)

(1) *Exod.* xvii. 9.

- Speaks to ev'ry humble child,
 Pointing out a sure retreat !
 " Come, and in my chambers hide, (1)
 To my saints of old well known ;
 There you safely may abide,
 Till the storm be overblown.
- 3 " You have only to repose
 On my wisdom, love, and care ;
 When my wrath consumes my foes,
 Mercy shall my children spare ;
 While *they* perish in the flood,
 You that bear my holy mark, (2)
 Sprinkled with atoning blood,
 Shall be safe within the ark."
- 4 Sinners, see the ark prepar'd !
 Hasten to enter while there's room ;
 Tho' the Lord his arm has barr'd,
 Mercy still retards your doom :
 Seek him while there yet is hope,
 Ere the day of grace be past,
 Lest in wrath he give you up,
 And this call shall prove your last.

LXVIII. *On the Earthquake, Sept. 8, 1775.*

- 1 **A**LTHO' on massy pillars built,
 The earth has lately shook ;
 It trembles under Britain's guilt,
 Before its Maker's look.
- 2 Swift as the shock amazement spreads,
 And sinners tremble too ;
 What flight can screen their guilty heads,
 If earth itself pursue ?
- 3 But mercy spar'd us while it warn'd :
 The shock is felt no more ;
 And mercy now, alas ! is scorn'd
 By sinners, as before.
- 4 But if these warnings prove in vain,
 Say, sinner, can'st thou tell,
 How soon the earth may quake again,
 And open wide to hell ?
- 5 Repent before the Judge draws nigh,
 Or else when he comes down,
 Thou wilt in vain for earthquakes cry,
 To hide thee from his frown. (3)

(1) Isaiah xxvi. 20. (2) Ezekiel ix. 4. (3) Rev. vi. 16.

- 6 But happy they who love the Lord,
 And his salvation know ;
 The hope that's founded on his word,
 No change can overthrow.
- 7 Should the deep-rooted hills be hurl'd,
 And plung'd beneath the seas ;
 And strong convulsions shake the world,
 Your hearts may rest in peace.
- 8 Jesus, your Shepherd, Lord, and Chief,
 Shall shelter you from ill ;
 And not a worm, nor shaking leaf,
 Can move, but at his will.

LXIX. *On the Fire at Olney, Sept. 22, 1777.*

- 1 **W**EARIED by day with toil and cares,
 How welcome is the peaceful night,
 Sweet sleep our wasted strength repairs,
 And fits us for returning light.
- 2 Yet when our eyes in sleep are clos'd,
 Our rest may break ere well begun ;
 To dangers ev'ry hour expos'd,
 We neither can foresee nor shun.
- 3 'Tis of the Lord that we can sleep
 A single night without alarms ;
 His eye alone our lives can keep
 Secure amidst a thousand harms.
- 4 For months and years of safety past,
 Ungrateful we, alas ! have been ;
 Tho' patient long, he spoke at last,
 And bid the fire rebuke our sin.
- 5 The shout of fire ! a dreadful cry,
 Impress'd each heart with deep dismay ;
 While the fierce blaze and red'ning sky,
 Made midnight wear the face of day.
- 6 The throng and terror who can speak !
 The various sounds that fill'd the air !
 The infant's wail, the mother's shriek,
 The voice of blasphemy and pray'r !
- 7 But pray'r prevail'd, and sav'd the town ;
 The few who lov'd the Saviour's name,
 Were heard, and mercy hasted down
 To change the wind, and stop the flame.
- 8 Oh, may that night be ne'er forgot !
 Lord, still increase thy praying few !

Were Olney left without a Lot,
Ruin, like Sodom's, would ensue.

LXX. *A Welcome to Christian Friends.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now,
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

LXXI. *A Parting.*

- 1 **A**S the sun's enliv'ning eye
Shines on ev'ry place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine ,
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season call'd to part,
Let us then ourselves commend

To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

5 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

6 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

7 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

LXXII. *On the Death of a Believer.*

1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, " They're gone !"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight :
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much, (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praise him too.

6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their mem'ry dear ;
And Lord, do thou the pray'rs fulfil,
They offer'd for us here !

7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,
We miss them day by day ;

But thou canst ev'ry breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

- 8 We pray as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went ;
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who stay, be sent.

LXXIII. (c) *On the Death of a Minister.*

- 1 **H**IS Master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go ;
And in desponding accents said,
" Ah, what must Israel do ?"
- 2 But he forgot the Lord who lifts
The beggar to the throne ;
Nor knew, that all Elijah's gifts
Would soon be made his own.
- 3 What, when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies ;
Is Israel left without resource ?
And have we no supplies ?
- 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store ;
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

LXXIV. *The tolling Bell.*

- 1 **O**FT as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, " Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 But could I bear to hear him say,
" Depart accursed, far away !
With Satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art forever doom'd to dwell."
- 5 Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,
And seek my help alone in thee ;

Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

- 6 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.
- 7 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long, and wish to hear thy voice ;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heav'n if thou art mine.

LXXV. *Hope beyond the Grave.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, this curious house of clay,
This present frail abode,
Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
And thou return to God.
- 2 Cans't thou, by faith, survey with joy,
The change before it come ?
And say, " Let death this house destroy,
I have a heav'nly home !"
- 3 The Saviour whom I then shall see
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepar'd for me
A mansion in the skies. (1)
- 4 I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,
And long to see it fall ;
That I my willing flight may take
To him who is my all.
- 5 Burden'd and groaning then no more,
My rescu'd soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar,
" Death, thou hast lost thy sting."
- 6 Dear Saviour, help us now to seek,
And know thy grace's pow'r,
That we may all this language speak,
Before the dying hour.

LXXVI. *There the Weary are at Rest.*

- 1 **C**OURAGE, my soul ! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides ;
Eternal life beyond the skies,
For all whom here he guides.
- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest ; (2)

(1) 2 Cor. v. 1.

(2) Job iii. 17.

- Sorrow and sin, and pain and care,
 No more approach the blest.
- 3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
 With Satan now are join'd ;
 Each acts a too successful part
 In harrassing my mind.
- 4 In conflict with this threefold troop !
 How weary, Lord, am I !
 Did not thy promise bear me up,
 My soul must faint and die.
- 5 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
 Tho' mighty are my foes,
 I shall a conqu'ror be at length,
 O'er all that can oppose.
- 6 Then why, my soul, complain or fear ?
 The crown of glory see !
 The more I toil and suffer here,
 The sweeter rest will be.

LXXVII. *The Day of Judgment.*

- 1 **D**AY of Judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine ;
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, 'This God is mine !
 Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the pow'rs of nature shaken
 By his looks prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner, what will then become of thee ?
- 4 Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence accursed wretch, depart !
 Thou with Satan and his angels have thy part."
- 5 Satan, who now tries to please you,
 Lest you timely warning take,
 When that word is past, will seize you,
 Plunge you in the burning lake :
 Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake

- 6 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below ;
 He will say, " Come near ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow ;
 You for ever shall my love and glory know."
 7 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought your courage raise !
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
 We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze.

LXXVIII. *The Day of the LORD.* (1)

- 1 **G**OD with one piercing glance looks thro'
 Creation's wide extended frame ;
 The past and future is in view,
 And days and ages are the same. (2)
 2 Sinners who dare provoke his face,
 Who on his patience long presume,
 And trifle out his day of grace,
 Will find he has a day of doom.
 3 As pangs the lab'ring woman feels,
 Or as the thief, in midnight sleep ;
 So comes that day ; for which the wheels
 Of time their ceaseless motion keep !
 4 Hark ! from the sky the trump proclaims
 Jesus the Judge approaching nigh !
 See, the creation wrapt in flames,
 First kindled by his vengeful eye !
 5 When thus the mountains melt like wax :
 When earth, and air, and sea, shall burn ;
 When all the frame of nature breaks,
 Poor sinner, whither wilt thou turn ?
 6 The puny works which feeble men
 Now boast, or covet, or admire ;
 Their pomp, and arts, and treasures, then
 Shall perish in one common fire.
 7 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above !
 Since all below to ruin tends :
 Here may we trust, obey, and love.
 And there be found amongst thy friends.

LXXIX. *The great Tribunal.* (3)

- 1 **J**OHAN in a vision, saw the day
 When the Judge will hasten down ;
 (1) Book III. Hymn 4. (2) 2 Pet. iii. 8-10.
 (3) Rev. xx. 11, 12.

- Heav'n and earth shall flee away
 From the terror of his frown :
 Dead and living, small and great,
 At his bar shall hear their fate,
 What will then become of me ?
- 2 Can I bear his awful looks ?
 Shall I stand in judgment then,
 When I see the opened books,
 Written by the Almighty's pen ?
 If he to remembrance bring,
 And expose to public view,
 Ev'ry work and secret thing ;
 Ah, my soul, what canst thou do ?
- 3 When the list shall be produc'd
 Of the talents I enjoy'd :
 Means and mercies, how abus'd !
 Time and strength, how misemploy'd !
 Conscience then compell'd to read,
 Must allow the charge is true :
 Say, my soul, what canst thou plead
 In that hour, what wilt thou do ?
- 4 But the book of life I see,
 May my name be written there ?
 Then from guilt and danger free,
 Glad I'll meet him in the air :
 That's the book I hope to plead,
 'Tis the gospel open'd wide :
 Lord, I am a wretch indeed !
 I have sinned, but thou hast dy'd. (1)
- 5 Now my soul knows what to do ;
 Thus I shall with boldness stand,
 Number'd with the faithful few,
 Own'd and sav'd, at thy right hand :
 If thou help a feeble worm
 To believe thy promise now ;
 Justice will at last confirm
 What thy mercy wrought below.

IV. CREATION.

LXXX. *The Old and New Creation.*

- 1 **T**HAT was a wonder-working word
 Which could the vast creation raise !

(1) Rom. viii. 34.

- Angels attendant on their Lord, (1)
Admir'd the plan, and sung his praise.
- 2 From what a dark and shapeless mass,
All nature sprang at his command!
Let there be light, and light there was,
And sun, and stars, and sea, and land.
- 3 With equal speed the earth and seas,
Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd;
He spake, and strait the plants and trees,
And birds and beasts, and man were made.
- 4 But man, the lord and crown of all,
By sin his honour soon defac'd;
His heart (how alter'd since the fall!)
Is dark, deform'd, and void, and waste.
- 5 The new creation of the soul
Does now no less his pow'r display; (2)
Than when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.
- 6 Tho' self-destroy'd, O Lord, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canst do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

LXXXI. *The Book of Creation.*

- 1 **T**HE book of nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd;
But till the Lord anoints our eyes,
We cannot read a word.
- 2 Philosophers have por'd in vain,
And guess'd from age to age;
For reason's eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.
- 3 Tho' to each star they give a name,
Its size and motions teach,
The truths which all the stars proclaim,
Their wisdom cannot reach.
- 4 With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtle air;
They cannot, Lord, discover thee,
Tho' present ev'ry where.
- 5 The knowledge of the saints excels
The wisdom of the schools;

(1) Job xxxviii. 7.

(2) 2 Cor. iv. 6.

To them his secrets God reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.

- 6 To them the sun and stars on high,
The flow'rs that paint the field, (1)
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.
- 7 The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove
Their Saviour's pow'r and faithfulness,
His providence and love.
- 8 Thus may we study nature's book,
To make us wise indeed !
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read. (2)

LXXXII. *The Rainbow.*

- 1 **W**HEN the sun with cheerful beams,
Smiles upon a low'ring sky ;
Soon its aspect soften'd seems,
And a rainbow meets the eye :
While the sky remains serene,
This bright arch is never seen.
- 2 Thus the Lord's supporting pow'r
Brightest to his saints appears,
When afflictions threat'ning hour
Fills their sky with clouds and fears :
He can wonders then perform,
Paint a rainbow on the storm. (3)
- 3 All their graces doubly shine,
When their troubles press them sore ;
And the promises divine
Give them joys unknown before :
As the colours of the bow,
To the cloud their brightness owe.
- 4 Favour'd John a rainbow saw (4)
Circling round the throne above ;
Hence the saints a pledge may draw
Of unchanging cov'nant love :
Clouds awhile may intervene,
But the bow will still be seen.

(1) Matth. vi. 26—28.

(2) Rom. i. 20.

(3) Gen. ix. 14.

(4) Rev. iv. 3.

LXXXIII. *Thunder.*

- 1 **W**HEN a black o'erspreading cloud
Has darken'd all the air ;
And peals of thunder roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempest near.
- 2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
The sinner oft pursue ;
A louder storm is heard within,
And conscience thunders too.
- 3 The law a fiery language speaks,
His danger he perceives ;
Like Satan who his ruin seeks,
He trembles and believes.
- 4 But when the sky serene appears,
And thunders roll no more ;
He soon forgets his vows and fears,
Just as he did before.
- 5 But whither shall the sinner flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air, and sea, (1)
Shall all dissolve in flame ?
- 6 Amazing day ! it comes apace !
The Judge is hasting down !
Will sinners bear to see his face,
Or stand before his frown ?
- 7 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each stubborn heart ;
That they may never hear thee say,
“ Ye cursed ones depart.”
- 8 Believers you may well rejoice !
The thunder's loudest strains
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you, “ Jesus reigns !”

LXXXIV. *Lightning in the Night.*

- 1 **A**GLANCE from heav'n, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers ;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.
- 2 So lightning in the gloom of night,
Affords a momentary day ;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which soon are seen, and snatch'd away.

(1) 2 Pet. iii. 10.

- 3 Ah ! what avail these pleasing scenes !
 They do but aggravate my pain ;
 While darkness quickly intervenes,
 And swallows up my joys again.
- 4 But shall I murmur at relief ;
 Tho' short, it was a precious view ;
 Sent to controul my unbelief,
 And prove that what I read is true.
- 5 The lightning's flash did not create
 The op'ning prospect it reveal'd !
 But only shew'd the real state
 Of what the darkness had conceal'd.
- 6 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
 The glorious things within the veil ;
 That when in darkness we may learn
 To live by faith, till light prevail.
- 7 The Lord's great day will soon advance,
 Dispersing all the shades of night ;
 Then we no more shall need a glance.
 But see by an eternal light.

LXXXV. *On the eclipse of the Moon.*

July 30, 1766.

- 1 **T**HE moon in silver glory shone,
 And not a cloud in sight,
 When suddently a shade begun
 To intercept her light.
- 2 How fast across her orb it spread,
 How fast her light withdrew :
 A circle, ting'd with languid red,
 Was all appear'd in view.
- 3 While many with unmeaning eye,
 Gaze on thy works in vain ;
 Assist me Lord, that I may try
 Instruction to obtain.
- 4 Fain would my thankful heart and lips
 Unite in praise to thee ;
 And meditate on thy eclipse,
 In sad Gethsemane.
- 5 Thy people's guilt, a heavy load ;
 (When standing in their room)
 Depriv'd thee of the light of God.
 And fill'd thy soul with gloom.

- 6 How punctually eclipses move,
Obedient to thy will !
Thus shall thy faithfulness and love,
Thy promises fulfil.
- 7 Dark like the moon without the sun,
I mourn thy absence, Lord !
For light or comfort I have none,
But what thy beams afford.
- 8 But lo ! the hour draws near a-pace,
When changes shall be o'er ;
Then I shall see thee face to face,
And be eclips'd no more.

LXXXVI. *Moon-light.*

- 1 **T**HE moon has but borrow'd light,
A faint and feeble ray ;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herself by day.
- 2 No cheering warmth her beam conveys,
Tho' pleasing to behold ;
We might upon her brightness gaze,
Till we were starv'd with cold.
- 3 Just such is all the light to man,
Which reason can impart ;
It cannot shew one object plain,
Nor warm their frozen heart.
- 4 Thus moon-light views of truth divine
To many fatal prove
For what avail in gifts to shine (1)
Without a spark of love !
- 5 The gospel, like sun at noon,
Affords a glorious light ;
Then fallen reason's boasted moon
Appears no longer bright.
- 6 A grace, not light alone, bestows
But adds a quick'ning pow'r ;
The desert blossoms like the rose, (2)
And sin prevails no more.

LXXXVII. *The Sea.* (3)

- 1 **I**F for a time the air be calm,
Serene and smooth the sea appears !
And shews no danger to alarm
The unexperienc'd landsman's fears.

(1) Cor. xiii. 1. (2) Isaiah xxxv. 1.

(3) Book. I. Hymn 11.5

- 2 But if the tempest once arise,
 The faithless water swells and raves ;
 Its billows, foaming to the skies,
 Disclose a thousand threat'ning graves.
- 3 My untry'd heart thus seem'd to me,
 (So little of myself I knew)
 Smooth as the calm unruffled sea,
 But ah ! it prov'd as treach'rous too !
- 4 The peace, of which I had a taste,
 When Jesus first his love reveal'd ;
 I fondly hop'd would always last,
 Because my foes were then conceal'd.
- 5 But when I felt the tempter's pow'r
 Rouse my corruptions from their sleep ;
 I trembled at the stormy hour
 And saw the horrors of the deep.
- 6 Now on presumption's billows borne,
 My spirit seem'd the Lord to dare ;
 Now, quick as thought, a sudden turn
 Plung'd me in gulphs of black despair.
- 7 Lord, save me, or I sink, I pray'd ;
 He heard, and bid the tempest cease ;
 The angry waves his word obey'd,
 And all my fears were hush'd to peace.
- 8 The peace is his, and not my own,
 My heart (no better than before)
 Is still to dreadful changes prone,
 Then let me never trust it more.

LXXXVIII. *The flood.*

- 1 **T**HO' small the drops of falling rain,
 If one be singly view'd ;
 Collected they o'er spread the plain,
 And form a mighty flood.
- 2 The house it meets within its course,
 Should not be built on clay ;
 Lest, with a wild resistless force,
 It sweep the whole away.
- 3 Tho' for a while it seem'd secure ;
 It will not bear the shock ;
 Unless it has foundations sure,
 And stands upon a rock.
- 4 Thus sinners think their evil deeds,
 Like drops of rain, are small ;

- But it the pow'r of though exceeds,
To count the sum of all.
- 5 One sin can raise, tho' small it seems
A flood to drown the soul ;
What then, when countless million's streams
Shall join to swell the whole.
- 6 Yet, while they think the weather fair,
If warn'd they smile or frown ;
But they will tremble and despair,
When the fierce flood comes down !
- 7 Oh ! then on Jesus ground your hope,
That stone in Zion laid ; (1)
Lest your poor building quickly drop,
With ruin on your head.

LXXXIX. *The Thaw.*

- 1 **T**HE ice and snow we lately saw,
Which cover'd all the ground ;
Are melted soon before the thaw,
And can no more be found.
- 2 Could all the art of man suffice
To move away the snow,
To clear the rivers from the ice,
Or make the waters flow ?
- 3 No, 'tis the word of God alone ;
An emblem of the pow'r
By which he melts the heart of stone,
In his appointed hour.
- 4 All outward means, till he appears,
Will ineffectual prove ;
Tho' much the sinner sees and hears,
He cannot learn to love.
- 5 But let the stoutest sinner feel
The soft'ning warmth of grace ;
Tho' hard as ice, or rocks, or steel,
His heart dissolves apace.
- 6 Seeing the blood which Jesus spilt,
To save his soul from woe,
His hatred unbelief, and guilt,
All melt away like snow.
- 7 Jesus, we in thy name entreat,
Reveal thy gracious arm ;

And grant thy Spirit's kindly heat,
Our frozen hearts to warm.

XC. *The Loadstone.*

- 1 **A**S needles point towards the pole,
When touch'd by the magnetic stone,
So faith in Jesus, gives the soul
A tendency before unknown.
- 2 Till then, by blinded passions led,
In search of fancy's good we range ;
The path of disappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd, but love of change.
- 3 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love ;
Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
Are fix'd at once, no more to move.
- 4 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will,
This love another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.
- 5 By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss and proper end ;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave.
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.
- 6 Thus borne along by faith and hope,
We feel the Saviour's words are true
"And I, if I be lifted up (1)
Will draw the sinner upward too."

XCI. *The Spider and Bee.*

- 1 **O**N the same flow'r we often see
The loathsome spider and the bee ;
But what they get by working there,
Is diff'rent as their natures are.
- 2 The bee a sweet reward obtains,
And honey well repays his pains ;
Home to the hive he bears the store,
And then returns in quest of more.
- 3 But no sweet flow'rs that grace the field,
Can honey to the spider yield ;
A cobweb all that he can spin
And poison all the stores within.
- 4 Thus in that sacred field the word,
With flow'rs of God's own planting stor'd,

(1) John xii. 32.

Like bees his children feed and thrive,
And bring home honey to the hive.

- 5 There spider like, the wicked come,
And seem to taste the sweet perfume ;
But the vile venom of their hearts,
To poison all their food converts.
- 6 From the same truths believers prize,
They weave vain refuges of lies ;
And from the promise licence draw,
To trifle with the holy law !
- 7 Lord shall thy word of life and love,
The means of death to numbers prove !
Unless thy grace our hearts renew (1)
We sink to hell, with heav'n in view.

XCII. *The Bee saved from the Spider.*

- 1 **T**HE subtle spider often weaves
His unsuspected snares,
Among the balmy flow'rs and leaves.
To which the bee repairs.
- 2 When in his web he sees one hang,
With a malicious joy,
He darts upon it with his fang,
To poison and destroy.
- 3 How welcome then, some pitying friend,
To save the threatened bee !
The spider's treach'rous web to rend,
And set the captive free.
- 4 My soul has been in such a case,
When first I knew the Lord,
I hasted to the means of grace,
Where sweets I knew were stor'd.
- 5 Little I thought of danger near,
That soon my joys would ebb ;
But ah ! I met a spider there,
Who caught me in his web.
- 6 Then Satan rais'd his pois'nous sting,
And aim'd his blows at me ;
While I, poor helpless trembling thing,
Could neither fight nor flee.
- 7 But oh ! the Saviour's pitying eye,
Reliev'd me from despair ;

(1) Book II. Hymn 71.

He saw me at the point to die
And broke the fatal snare.

- 8 My case his heedless saints should warn,
Or cheer them if afraid :
May you from me your danger learn,
And where to look for aid.

XCIII. *The tamed Lion.*

- 1 **A**LION, tho' by nature wild,
The art of man can tame ;
He stands before his keeper, mild,
And gentle as a lamb.
- 2 He watches, with submissive eye.
The hands that gives him food ;
As if he meant to testify
A sense of gratitude.
- 3 But man himself, who thus subdues,
The fiercest beasts of prey,
A nature more unfeeling, shews,
And far more fierce than they.
- 4 'Tho' by the Lord preserv'd and fed,
He proves rebellious still :
And while he eats his Maker's bread,
Resists his holy will.
- 5 Alike in vain, of grace that saves,
Or threat'ning law he hears :
The savage scorns, blasphemes and raves,
But neither loves nor fears.
- 6 O Saviour ! how thy wond'rous pow'r
By angels is proclaim'd !
When in thine own appointed hour,
They see this lion tam'd.
- 7 The love thy bleeding cross displays,
The hardest heart subdues ;
Here furious Lions while they graze,
Their rage and fierceness lose. (1)
- 8 Yet we are but renew'd in part,
The Lion still remains ;
Lord, drive him wholly from my heart,
Or keep him fast in chains.

XCIV. *Sheep.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls his people sheep,
And bids them on his love rely ;
For he alone their souls can keep,
And he alone their wants supply.

(1) Isaiah, xi. 9.

- 2 The Bull can fight, the Hare can flee,
The Ant, in summer, food prepare ;
But helpless sheep and such are we,
Depend upon the Shepherd's care.
- 3 Jehovah is our Shepherd's name. (1)
Then what have we, tho weak, to fear ?
Our sin and folly we proclaim,
If we despond while he is near.
- 4 When Satan threatens to devour ;
When troubles press on ev'ry side ;
Think of our shepherd's care and pow'r,
He can defend, he will provide.
- 5 See the rich pastures of his grace,
Where, in full streams, salvation flows !
There he appoints our resting place,
And we may feed, secure from foes.
- 6 There, 'midst the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
The sheep around in safety lie ;
The wolf, in vain, with malice swells,
For he protects them with his eye. (2)
- 7 Dear Lord, If I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free ;
To trust, and love, and praise, is mine,
The care of all belongs to thee.

XCV. *The Garden.*

- 1 **A** Garden contemplation suits,
And may instruction yield,
Sweeter than all the flow'rs and fruits
With which the spot is fill'd.
- 2 Eden was Adam's dwelling place,
While blest with innocence ;
But sin o'erwhelm'd him with disgrace,
And drove the rebel thence.
- 3 Oft as the garden-walk we tread,
We should bemoan his fall ;
The trespass of our legal head
In ruin plung'd us all.
- 4 The garden of Gethsemane,
The second Adam saw,
Oppress'd with woe, to set us free
From the avenging law.
- 5 How stupid we, who can forget,
With gardens in our sight.
- (1) Psalm xxiii. 1 (2) Micah v. 4.

- His agonies and bloody sweat,
 In that tremendous night !
- 6 His church as a fair garden stands,
 Which walls of love inclose ;
 Each tree is planted by his hand, (1)
 And by his blessing grows.
- 7 Believing hearts are gardens too,
 For grace has sown its seeds ;
 Where once, by nature, nothing grew
 But thorns, and worthless weeds.
- 8 Such themes to those who Jesus love,
 My constant joys afford
 And make a barren desert prove
 The garden of the Lord.

XCVI. For a Garden-seat or Summer-house.

- 1 **A** Shelter from the rain or wind (2)
 A shade from scorching heat ;
 A resting place you here may find,
 To ease your weary feet.
- 2 Enter, but with a serious thought,
 Consider who is near !
 This is a consecrated spot,
 The Lord is present here !
- 3 A question of the utmost weight,
 While reading, meets your eye ;
 May conscience witness to your state,
 And give a true reply !
- 4 Is Jesus to your heart reveal'd,
 As full of truth and grace ?
 And is his name your hope and shield,
 Your rest and hiding place ?
- 5 If so, for all events prepar'd,
 Whatever storms may rise,
 He, whom you love, will safely guard,
 And guide you to the skies.
- 6 No burning sun, or storm, or rain,
 Will there your peace annoy ;
 No sin, temptation, grief, or pain,
 Intrude to damp your joy.
- 7 But if his name you have not known,
 Oh, seek him while you may !
 Lest you should meet his awful frown,
 In that approaching day.
- 8 When the avenging Judge you see,
 With terrors on his brow ;
 (1) Isaiah lx. 3. (2) Isaiah xxxiii. 2.

Where can you hide, or whither flee,

If you reject him now ?

XCVII. *The creatures in the Lord's Hands.*

- 1 **T**HE water stood like walls of brass,
To let the sons of Israel pass, (1)
And from the rock in rivers burst, (2)
At Moses's prayer to quench their thirst.
- 2 The fire restrain'd by God's commands,
Could only burn his people's bands, (3)
Too faint when he was with them there,
To singe their garments or their hair.
- 3 At Daniel's feet the Lions lay (4)
Like harmless lambs, nor touch'd their prey,
And Ravens which on carrion fed,
Procur'd Elijah flesh and bread.
- 4 Thus creatures only can fulfil
Their great Creator's holy will ;
And when his servants need their aid,
His purposes must be obey'd.
- 5 So if his blessing he refuse,
Their pow'r to help they quickly lose ;
Sure as on creatures we depend,
Our hopes in disappointment end.
- 6 Then let us trust the Lord alone,
And creature-confidence disown,
Nor if they threaten need we fear,
They cannot hurt if he be near.
- 7 If instruments of pain they prove,
Still they are guided by his love ;
As lancets by the surgeon's skill,
Which wound to cure, and not to kill.

XCVIII. *On Dreaming.*

- 1 **W**HFN slumber seals our weary eyes,
The busy fancy wakeful keeps ;
The scenes which then before us rise,
Prove something in us never sleeps.
- 2 As in another world we seem,
A new creation of our own ;
All appears real, tho' a dream,
And all familiar, tho' unknown.
- 3 Sometimes the mind beholds again
The past day's business in review ;
Resumes the pleasure or the pain,
And sometimes all we meet is new.

(1) Exod. xiv. 22.

(1) Numb. xx. 11.

(3) Daniel iii. 27.

(4) Daniel vi. 25.

- 4 What schemes we form, what pains we take !
 We fight, we run, we fly, we fall,
 But all is ended when we wake,
 We scarcely then a trace recal.
- 5 But tho' our dreams are often wild,
 Like clouds before the driving storm ;
 Yet some important may be stil'd,
 Sent to admonish or inform.
- 6 What mighty agents have access,
 What friends from heav'n, or foes from hell,
 Our minds to comfort or distress,
 When we are sleeping, who can tell.
- 7 One thing, at least, and 'tis enough,
 We learn from this surprising fact ,
 Our dreams afford sufficient proof,
 The soul, without the flesh, can act.
- 8 This life, which mortals so esteem,
 That many choose it for their all,
 They will confess, was but a dream
 When 'waken'd by death's awful call.

XCIX. *The world.*

- 1 **S**EE, the world for youth prepares,
 Harlot like, her gaudy snares
 Pleasures round her seem to wait,
 But 'tis all a painted cheat.
- 2 Rash and unsuspecting youth,
 Thinks to find thee always smooth,
 Always kind, till better taught,
 By experience dearly bought.
- 3 So the calm, but faithless sea,
 (Lively emblem, world, of thee)
 Tempts the Shepherd from the shore,
 Foreign regions to explore.
- 4 While no wrinkled waves are seen,
 While the sky remains serene,
 Fill'd with hopes, and golden schemes,
 Of a storm he little dreams.
- 5 But ere long the tempest raves,
 When he trembles at the waves :
 Wishes then he had been wise,
 But too late—he sinks and dies:
- 6 Hapless thus, are they, vain world,
 Soon on rocks of ruin hurl'd ;
 Who admiring thee, untry'd,
 Court thy pleasure, wealth'or pride.

- 7 Such a Shipwreck had been mine,
 Had not Jesus (Name divine) !
 Sav'd me with a mighty hand,
 And restor'd my soul to land,
- 8 Now, with gratitude I raise
 Ebenezers to his praise ;
 Now my rash pursuits are o'er,
 I can trust thee, world no more.

C. *The Enchantment dissolved.*

- 1 **B**LINDED in youth by Satan's arts.
 The world to our unpractis'd hearts
 A flatt'ring prospect shows ;
 Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
 Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
 And undisturb'd repose.
- 2 So in the desert's dreary waste,
 By magic pow'r produc'd in haste,
 (As ancient fables say)
 Castles and groves, and music sweet,
 The senses of the trav'ler meet,
 And stop him in his way.
- 3 But while he listens with surprise,
 The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
 'Twas but enchanted ground ;
 Thus if the Lord our spirit touch,
 The world, which promis'd us so much,
 A wilderness is found.
- 4 At first we start and feel distress'd,
 Convinc'd we never can have rest,
 In such a wretched place ;
 But he whose mercy breaks the charm,
 Reveals his own Almighty arm,
 And bids us seek his face.
- 5 Then we begin to live indeed,
 When from our sin and bondage freed,
 By this beloved Friend :
 We follow him from day to day,
 Assur'd of grace thro' all the way,
 And glory at the end.

A
T A B L E

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END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

OLNEY HYMNS.

BOOK III.

*On the Rise, Progress, Changes, and Comforts of
the Spiritual Life.*

(UNDER THE FOLLOWING HEADS.)

- | | |
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| I. Solemn Addresses to Sin-
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der. | After Sermon. |
| | Gloria Patria. |

I. SOLEMN ADDRESSES TO SINNERS.

HYMN I.

Expostulation.

- 1 **N**O words can declare,
No fancy can paint,
What rage and despair,
What hopeless complaint,
Fill Satan's dark dwelling,
The prison beneath ;
What weeping and yelling,
And gnashing of teeth !
- 2 Yet sinners will choose
This dreadful abode,
Each madly pursues
The dangerous road ;
Tho' God give them warning,
They onward will go,
They answer with scorning,
And rush upon woe.
- 3 How sad to behold
The rich and the poor,
The young and the old,
All blindly secure !
All posting to ruin,
Refusing to stop ;
Ah ! think what you're doing,
While yet there is hope !

4 How weak is your hand,
 To fight with the Lord!
 How can you withstand
 The edge of his sword!
 What hope of escaping
 For those who oppose,
 When hell is wide gaping
 To swallow his foes!

5 How oft have you dar'd
 The Lord to his face!
 Yet still you are spar'd
 To hear of his grace;
 Oh pray for repentance,
 And life-giving faith,
 Before the just sentence
 Consign you to death.

6 It is not too late
 To Jesus to flee,
 His mercy is great,
 His pardon is free!
 His blood has such virtue
 For all that believe,
 That nothing can hurt you,
 If him you receive.

II. *Alarm.*

1 **S**TOP, poor sinner! stop and think
 Before you farther go!
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe?
 Once again I charge you, stop!
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you drop
 Into the burning lake!

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When his judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come
 To drag you to his bar;

- Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair :
 All your sins will round you croud,
 Sins of blood-crimson dye ;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply !
- 4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lin'd with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass :
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace)
 Rocks and mountains on us fall, (1)
 And hide us from his face.
- 5 But as there is a hope
 You may his mercy know ;
 Tho' his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow :
 'Twas for sinners Jesus dy'd,
 Sinners he invites to come ;
 None who come shall be deny'd,
 He says, " There still is room." (2)

III. *We were once as you are.*

- 1 **S**HALL men pretend to pleasure
 Who never knew the Lord ?
 Can all the worldling's treasure
 True peace of mind afford ?
 They shall obtain this jewel
 In what their hearts desire,
 When they by adding fuel
 Can quench the flame of fire.
- 2 Till you can bid the ocean,
 When furious tempests roar, (3)
 Forget its wonted motion,
 And rage and swell no more :
 In vain your expectation
 To find content in sin ;
 Or freedom from vexation,
 While passions reign within.
- 3 Come turn your thoughts to Jesus,
 If you would good possess ;
 'Tis he alone that frees us
 From guilt, and from distress :
- (1) Rev. vi. 16. (2) Luke xiv. 22. (3) Isa. lvii. 20, 21.

- When he by faith is present,
 The sinner's troubles cease ;
 His ways are truly pleasant,
 And all his paths are peace.
- 4 Our time in sin we wasted,
 And fed upon the wind ;
 Until his love we tasted,
 No comfort could we find :
 But now we stand to witness
 His pow'r and grace to you ;
 May you perceive its fitness,
 And call upon him too.
- 5 Our pleasure and our duty,
 Tho' opposite before,
 Since we have seen his beauty,
 Are join'd to part no more :
 It is our highest pleasure,
 No less than duty's call,
 To love him beyond measure,
 And serve him with our all.

IV. *Prepare to meet GOD.*

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
 Can thy heart or hands endure
 In the Lord's avenging day ?
 See, his mighty arm is barr'd !
 Awful terrors clothe his brow !
 For his judgment stand prepar'd,
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 2 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;
 Solid mountains melt like wax,
 What will then become of thee ?
 Who his advent may abide ?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapp'd in flame ?
- 3 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
 Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd ;
 Must behold the wrathful eyes
 Of the Judge they once blasphem'd :
 Where are now their haughty looks,
 Oh, their horror and despair !

When they see the open'd books,
And their dreadful sentence hear !

- 4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath ;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Thro' the iron gate of death :
Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice ;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.
- 5 Oh ! when flesh and heart shall fail,
Let thy love our spirits cheer ;
Strengthen'd thus, we shall prevail
Over Satan, sin, and fear :
Trusting in thy precious name,
May we thus our journey end ;
Then our foes shall lose their aim,
And the Judge will be our Friend.

V. *Invitation.*

- 1 **S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry ;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case ?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face :
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel ?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood ?
- 3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds !
Hark, from each as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds !
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wond'rous virtue flow !
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

- 4 Tho' his majesty be great,
 His mercy is no less ;
 Tho' he thy transgressions hate,
 He feels for thy distress :
 By himself the Lord has sworn,
 He delights not in thy death ; (1)
 But invites thee to return,
 That thou may'st live by faith.
- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
 What throngs his throne surround !
 These, tho' sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found :
 Yield not then to unbelief,
 While he says, " There yet is room ;"
 Tho' of sinners thou art chief,
 Since Jesus calls thee, come.

S I M I L A R H Y M N S.

Book I. Hymn 75, 91.

Book II. Hymn 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 35, 77, 78, 83.

II. Seeking, Pleading, and Hoping.

VI. *The burdened Sinner.*

- 1 **A**H, what can I do,
 Or where be secure !
 If Justice pursue
 What heart can endure !
 The heart breaks assunder,
 'Tho' hard as a stone,
 When God speaks in thunder,
 And makes himself known.
- 2 With terror I read
 My sins heavy score,
 The number exceeds
 The sands on the shore :
Guilt makes me unable
 To stand or to flee,
 So Cain murder'd Abel,
 And trembled like me.
- 3 Each sin, like his blood,
 With a terrible cry,

(1) Ezekiel xxxiii. 11.

Calls loudly on God
 To strike from on high :
 Nor can my repentance,
 Extorted by fear,
 Reverse the just sentence,
 'Tis just, tho' severe.

4 The case is too plain,
 I have my own choice ;
 Again and again,
 I slighted his voice ;
 His warnings neglected,
 His patience abus'd,
 His gospel rejected,
 His mercy refus'd.

5 And must I then go,
 For ever to dwell
 In torments and woe
 With devils in hell !
 Oh where is the Saviour
 I scorn'd in times past ;
 His word is my favour,
 Would save me at last.

6 Lord Jesus, on thee
 I venture to call,
 Oh look upon me,
 The vilest of all ;
 For whom didst thou languish,
 And bleed on the tree ?
 Oh pity my anguish,
 And say, " 'Twas for thee."

7 A case such as mine
 Will honour thy pow'r,
 All hell will repine,
 All heav'n will adore ;
 If in condemnation
 Strict justice takes place,
 It shines in salvation
 More glorious thro' grace.

VII. *Behold I am vile.*

1 **O** LORD, how vile am I,
 Unholy and unclean !
 How can I dare to venture nigh,
 With such a load of sin ?

- 2 Is this polluted heart
 A dwelling fit for thee ?
 Swarming, alas ! in ev'ry part,
 What evils do I see !
- 3 If I attempt to pray,
 And lisp thy holy name ;
 My thoughts are hurried soon away,
 I know not where I am.
- 4 If in thy word I look,
 Such darkness fills my mind,
 I only read a sealed book,
 But no relief can find.
- 5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
 But hear it still in vain ;
 Without desire, or love, or fear,
 I like a stone remain.
- 6 Myself can hardly bear
 This wretched heart of mine ;
 How hateful then must it appear
 To those pure eyes of thine ?
- 7 And must I then indeed
 Sink in despair and die ?
 Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
 For such a wretch as I.
- 8 That blood which thou hast spilt,
 That grace which is thine own ;
 Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
 And soften hearts of stone.
- 9 Low at thy feet I bow,
 Oh pity and forgive !
 Here will I lie, and wait till thou
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

VIII. (c) *The shining Light.*

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are dead,
 My terror now begins ;
 I feel alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom ;

But sure a friendly whisper says,
 "Flee from the wrath to come."

- 4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.
- 5 Fore-runner of the sun, (1)
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

IX. *Encouragement.*

- 1 **M**Y soul is beset
 With grief and dismay,
 I owe a vast debt,
 And nothing can pay :
 I must go to prison,
 Unless that dear Lord,
 Who dy'd and is risen,
 His pity afford.
- 2 The death that he dy'd,
 The blood that he spilt,
 To sinners apply'd,
 Discharge from all guilt :
 This great Intercessor
 Can give, if he please,
 The vilest transgressor
 Immediate release.
- 3 When nail'd to the tree,
 He answer'd the pray'r
 Of one, who like me,
 Was nigh to despair ; (2)
 He did not upbraid him
 With all he had done,
 But instantly made him
 A saint and a son.
- 4 The jailor, I read,
 A pardon receiv'd : (3)
 And how was he freed ?
 He only believ'd :
 His case mine resembled,
 Like me he was foul,
 Like me too he trembled,
 But faith made him whole.

(1) Psalm cxxx. 6. (2) Luke xxiii. 43. (3) Acts xvi. 31.

5 Tho' Saul in his youth,
 To madness enrag'd ;
 Against the Lord's truth,
 And people engag'd ;
 Yet Jesus the Saviour,
 Whom long he revil'd, (1)
 Receiv'd him to favour,
 And made him a child.

6 A foe to all good,
 In wickedness skill'd,
 Manasseh, with blood,
 Jerusalem fill'd ; (2)
 In evil long harden'd,
 The Lord he defy'd,
 Yet he too was pardon'd,
 When mercy he cry'd.

7 Of sinners the chief,
 And viler than all,
 The jailor or thief,
 Manasseh or Saul ;
 Since they were forgiv'n,
 Why should I despair,
 While Christ is in heav'n,
 And still answers pray'r ?

X. *The waiting soul.*

- 1 **B**REATHE from the gentle South, O Lord,
 And cheer me from the North ?
 Blow on the treasures of thy word,
 And call the spices forth.
- 2 I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,
 And wait with patient hope ;
 But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
 And drinks the spirits up.
- 3 Help me to reach the distant goal,
 Confirm my feeble knee ;
 Pity the sickness of a soul
 That faints for love of thee.
- 4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
 Yet since I feel it so ;
 It yields some hope of life divine
 Within, however low.

(1) 1 Tim. i. 16. (2) Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13.

- 5 I seem forsaken and alone,
 I hear the lion roar ;
 And ev'ry door is shut but one,
 And that is mercy's door.
- 6 There, till the dear deliv'rer come,
 I'll wait with humble pray'r ;
 And when he calls his exile home.
 The Lord shall find him there.

XI. *The Effort.*

- 1 **C**HEER up, my soul, there is a mercy seat
 Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus an-
 swers pray'r ;
 There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
 For never needly sinner peris'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come ! thy promise is my plea,
 Without thy word I durst not venture nigh ;
 But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
 A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I !
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
 Beset without, and full of fears within,
 Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
 I know no force can tear me from thy side ;
 Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
 And answer ev'ry charge, with " Jesus dy'd."
- 5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan
 and die,
 Well hast thou known what fierce temptations
 mean ;
 Such was thy love, and now enthron'd on high,
 The same compassions in thy bosom reign.
- 6 Lord give me faith—he hears—what grace is this !
 Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve :
 He shews me what he did, and who he is,
 I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

XII. *The effort—in another Measure.*

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
 Where Jesus answers pray'r ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;

- Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, Am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest ;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place !
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, " Thou hast dy'd."
- 5 On wond'rous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame ;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 " Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive ;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

XIII. *Seeking the Beloved.*

- 1 **T**O those who know the Lord, I speak,
Is my beloved near ?
The bridegroom of my soul I seek.
Oh ! when will he appear ?
- 2 Tho' once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne ;
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heav'n have known.
- 3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er he goes ;
Tho' none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.
- 4 He speaks—obedient to his call
Our warm affections move ;
Did he but shine alike on all
Then all alike would love.
- 5 Then love in ev'ry heart would reign
And war would cease to roar ;
And cruel, and blood-thirsty men,
Would thirst for blood no more.
- 6 Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
On may he shine on you ! (1)

And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

XIV. *Rest for weary Souls.*

- 1 **D**OES the gospel-word proclaim,
Rest, for those who weary be (1)
Then my soul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promise speaks to thee;
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
Yet I weary am I know,
And the weary long for rest.
- 2 Burden'd with a load of sin,
Harrass'd with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without:
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.
- 3 In the ark the weary dove (2)
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the ark of grace:
Tempest toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm he overpast.
- 4 Safely lodg'd within thy breast,
What a wond'rous change I find:
Now I know thy promis'd rest
Can compose a troubled mind:
You that weary are, like me,
Hearken to the gospel call;
To the ark for refuge flee,
Jesus will receive you all!

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 45, 69, 82, 83, 84, 96.
Book. II. Hymn 29.

III. CONFLICT.

XV. (c) *Light shining out of Darkness.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
(1) Matth. xi. 28. (2) Gen. viii. 9.

- He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
 Of never failing skill ;
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err (1)
 And scan his work in vain,
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

XVI. (c) *Welcome Cross.*

- 1 'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up and choak the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet.
 Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way ;
 Might I not, with reason fear,
 I should prove a cast-away :

(1) John xiii. 7.

Bastards may escape the rod, (1)
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God,
 Must not, would not, if he might.

VII. (c) *Afflictions sanctified by the Word.*

- 1 **O** How I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !
 It guides me in the peaceful way,
 I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health !
 What are all joys compar'd with those
 Thine everlasting word bestows !
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
 In pleasure's path secure I stray'd ;
 Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod, (2)
 And straight I turn'd unto my God.
- 4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart,
 I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart ;
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But save me from eternal woe.
- 5 Oh ! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
 Thy precept I had still despis'd ;
 And still the snare in secret laid,
 Had my unwearied feet betray'd.
- 6 I love thee therefore, O my God
 And breathe towards thy dear abode ;
 Where in thy presence fully blest,
 Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

XVIII. (c) *Temptation.*

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
 Out of the depths to thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me thro' the storm,
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
 Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

(1) Heb. xii. 8.

(2) Psalm cxix. 71.

- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
Attends the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Tho' tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

XIX. (c) *Looking upwards in a Storm.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall: (1)
When the great-water floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor !
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
'That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r ;
But a pray'r-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair in the lot that's cast for me ;
I have an advocate with thee ;
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor tho' I am, despis'd forgot, (2)
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafe's to plead.

XX. (c) *The Valey of the Shadow of Death.*

- 1 **M**Y soul is sad, and much dismay'd ?
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Appolyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppose !
- 2 See, from the ever-burning lake,
How like a smoky cloud they rise !
With horrid blasts my soul they shake,
With storms of blasphemies and lies.

(1) Psalm cxix. 15. (2) Psalm xl. 17.

- 3 Their fiery arrows reach the mark ; (1)
 My throbbing heart with anguish tear ;
 Each lights upon a kindred spark,
 And finds abundant fuel there.
- 4 I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord ;
 Oh, I would drive it from my breast,
 With thy own sharp two-edged sword,
 Far as the east is from the west.
- 5 Come then, and chase the cruel host,
 Heal the deep wounds I have receiv'd !
 Nor let the powers of darkness boast
 That I am foil'd and thou art griev'd !

XXI. *The Storm hushed.*

- 1 ' **T**IS past—the dreadful stormy night,
 Is gone, with all its fears !
 And now I see returning light,
 The Lord, my Sun, appears.
- 2 The tempter who, but lately said,
 I soon shall be his prey ;
 Has heard my Saviour's voice, and fled
 With shame and grief away.
- 3 Ah ! Lord, since thou didst hide thy face,
 What has my soul endur'd ?
 But now, 'tis past, I feel thy grace,
 And all my wounds are cur'd !
- 4 Oh wond'rous changes but just before
 Despair beset me round ;
 I heard the lion's horrid roar,
 And trembled at the sound.
- 5 Before corruption, guilt and fear,
 My comforts blasted fell ;
 And unbelief discover'd near,
 The dreadful depths of hell.
- 6 But Jesus pity'd my distress,
 He heard my feeble cry ;
 Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 7 Beneath the banne: of his love,
 I now secure remain ;
 The tempter frets, but dares not move
 To break my peace again.

(2) Eph. vi. 16.

8 Lord, since thou thus hast broke my bands
 And set the captive free ;
 I would devote my tongue, my hands,
 My heart, my all to thee.

XXII. *Help in the Time of Need.*

1 **U**NLESS the Lord had been my stay,
 (With trembling joy my soul may say)
 My cruel foe had gain'd his end :
 But he appear'd for my relief,
 And Satan sees, with shame and grief,
 That I have an almighty Friend.

2 Oh, 'twas a dark and trying hour,
 When harrass'd by the tempter's pow'r,
 I felt my strongest hopes decline !
 You only who have known his arts,
 You only who have felt his darts,
 Can pity such a case as mine.

3 Loud in my ears a charge he read,
 (My conscience witness'd all he said)
 My long black list of outward sin,
 Then bringing forth my heart to view,
 Too well what's hidden there he knew,
 He shew'd me ten times worse within.

4 'Tis all too true, my soul reply'd,
 But I remember Jesus dy'd,
 And now he fills a throne of grace ;
 I'll go, as I have done before,
 His mercy I may still implore,
 I have his promise, "Seek my face."

3 But, as when sudden fogs arise,
 The trees and hills, the sun and skies,
 Are all at once conceal'd from view ;
 So clouds of horror, black as night,
 By Satan rais'd, hid from my sight,
 The throne of grace and promise too.

6 Then, while beset with guilt and fear,
 He try'd to urge me to despair,
 He try'd, and he almost prevail'd ;
 But Jesus, by a heav'nly ray,
 Drove clouds, and guilt, and fear, away,
 And all the tempter's malice fail'd.

XXIII. (c) *Peace after a Storm.*

1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind
 And smiling day once more appears,

- Then my Redeemer, Then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee !
- 3 Oh ! let me then at length be taught
 What I am still so slow to learn ;
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat ?
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will ;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou therefore, all the praise receive ;
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

XXIV. (c) *Mourning and Longing.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour hides his face ?
 My spirit thirsts to prove
 Renew'd supplies of pard'ning grace,
 And never fading love.
- 2 The favour'd souls who know
 What glories shine in him,
 Pant for his presence, as the roe
 Pants for the living stream !
- 3 What trifles tease me now !
 They swarm like summer flies,
 They cleave to ev'ry thing I do,
 And swim before my eyes.
- 4 How dull the sabbath-day,
 Without the sabbath's Lord !
 How toilsome then to sing and pray,
 And wait upon the word !
- 5 Of all the truths I hear,
 How few delight my taste !
 I glean a berry here and there.
 But mourn the vintage past.
- 6 Yet let me, (as I ought)
 Sill hope to be supply'd ;

No pleasure else is worth a thought,
Nor shall I be deny'd.

- 7 Tho' I am but a worm,
Unworthy of his care ;
The Lord will my desire perform,
And grant me all my pray'r.

XXV. *Rejoice the soul of thy Servant.*

- 1 **W**HEN my pray'rs are a burden and task,
No wonder I little receive ;
O Lord, make me willing to ask,
Since thou art so ready to give :
Altho' I am bought with thy blood,
And all thy salvation is mine ;
At a distance from thee my chief good,
I wander, and languish, and pine,
- 2 Of thy goodness of old, when I read,
To those who were sinners like me,
Why may I not wrestle and plead,
With them a partaker to be ?
Thine arm is not shorten'd since then,
And those who believe in thy name,
Ever find thou art Yea, and Amen,
Thro' all generations the same.
- 3 While my spirit within me is prest
With sorrow, temptation, and fear,
Like John I would flee to thy breast (1)
And pour my complaints in thine ear :
How happy and favour'd was he,
Who could on thy bosom repose ;
Might this favour be granted to me,
I'd smile at the rage of my foes.
- 4 I have heard of thy wonderful name,
How great and exalted thou art ;
But ah ! I confess to my shame,
It faintly impresses my heart :
The beams of thy glory display,
As Peter once saw thee appear ;
That transported like him I may say,
" It is good for my soul to be here." (2)
- 5 What a sorrow and weight didst thou feel,
When nail'd, for my sake, to the tree !
My heart sure is harder then steel,
To feel no more sorrow for thee ;

(1) John xiii. 25.

(2) Matt. xvii. 4.

Oh let me with Thomas descry
 The wounds in thy hands and thy side ;
 And have feelings like his, when I cry,
 " My God and my Saviour has dy'd. (1)

- 6 But if thou hast appointed me still
 To wrestle, and suffer, and fight ;
 O make me resign'd to thy will,
 For all thine appointments are right :
 This mercy, at least, I intreat,
 That knowing how vile I have been,
 I with Mary, may wait at thy feet, (2)
 And weep o'er the pardon of sin.

XXVI. (c) *Self-acquaintance.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord ! accept a sinful heart,
 Which of itself complains
 And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
 The evil it contains.
- 2 The fiery seeds of anger lurk,
 Which often hurt my frame ;
 And wait but for the tempter's work,
 To fan them to a flame.
- 3 Legality holds out a bribe
 To purchase life from thee ;
 And discontent would fain prescribe
 How shalt thou deal with me.
- 4 While unbelief withstands thy grace,
 And puts the mercy by ;
 Presumption with a brow of brass,
 Says, " Give me, or I die."
- 5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
 In quest of what they love !
 But ah ! when duty calls them home,
 How heavenly they move !
- 6 Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
 Transform me by thy pow'r,
 And make me thy belov'd abode,
 And let me rove no more.

XXVII. *Bitter and Sweet.*

- K**INDLE, Saviour, in my heart
 A flame of love divine ;
 Hear, hear, for mine I trust thou art,
 And sure I would be thine :

(1) JOHN xx. 28.

(2) LUKE vii. 38.

If my soul has felt thy grace,
 If to me thy name is known ;
 Why should trifles fill the place,
 Due to thyself alone.

2 'Tis a strange mysterious life,
 I live from day to day ;
 Light and darkness, peace and strife,
 Bear an alternate sway :
 When I think the battle won,
 I have to fight it o'er again ;
 When I say I'm overthrown,
 Relief I soon obtain.

3 Often at the mercy-seat,
 While calling on thy name ;
 Swarms of evil thoughts I meet,
 Which fill my soul with shame :
 Agitated in my mind,
 Like a feather in the air ;
 Can I thus a blessing find ?
 My soul, can this be pray'r ?

4 But when Christ, my Lord and Friend,
 Is pleas'd to shew his pow'r ;
 All at once my troubles end,
 And I've a golden hour :
 Then I see his smiling face,
 Feel the pledge of joys to come ;
 Often, Lord, repeat this grace,
 Till thou shalt call me home.

XXVIII. (c) *Prayer for Patience.*

1 **L**ORD, who hast suffer'd all for me,
 My peace and pardon to procure ;
 The lighter cross I bear for thee,
 Help me with patience to endure.

2 The storm of loud repining hush,
 I would in humble silence mourn ;
 Why should th' unburnt, tho' burning bush,
 Be angry as the crackling thorn ?

3 Man should not faint at thy rebuke,
 Like Joshua falling on his face, (!)
 When the curs'd thing that Achan took,
 Brought Israel into just disgrace.

4 Perhaps some golden wedge suppress'd,
 Some secret sin offends my God ;

(1) Joshua vii. 10, 11.

- Perhaps the Babylonish vest,
 Self-righteousness, provokes the rod.
- 5 Ah ! were I buffeted all day,
 Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and spit upon ;
 I yet should have no right to say,
 My great distress is mine alone.
- 6 Let me not angrily declare
 No pain was ever sharp like mine ;
 Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
 But rather weep, rememb'ring thine.

XXIX. (c) *Submission.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy holy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee ;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth !
- 6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

XXX. *Why should I complain.*

- 1 **W**HEN my Saviour, my Shepherd, is near,
 How quickly my sorrows depart !
 New beauties around me appear,
 New spirits enliven my heart ;
 His presence gives peace to my soul,
 And Satan assaults me in vain ;

- While my Shepherd his pow'r controuls,
I think I no more shall complain.
- 2 But alas! what a change do I find,
When my Shepherd withdraws from my sight,
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night:
Then Satan his efforts renews,
To vex and ensnare me again;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.
- 3 By these changes I often pass thro',
I am taught my own weakness to know;
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe:
It is he that supports me thro' all,
When I faint, he revives me again;
He attends to my pray'r, when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.
- 4 Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve?
Since my Shepherd is always the same,
And has promis'd he never will leave (1)
The soul that confides in his name:
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain;
And at length he will surely appear,
Tho' he leaves me awhile to complain.
- 5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And that shortly this warfare will cease?
For ere long he will bid me remove (2)
From this region of sorrow and pain,
To abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

XXXI. *Return O LORD, how long.*

- 1 **R**ETURN to bless my waiting eyes,
And cheer my mourning heart, O Lord!
Without thee, all beneath the skies
No real pleasure can afford.
- 2 When thy lov'd presence meets my sight,
It softens care, and sweetens toil;
The sun shines forth double light,
The whole creation wears a smile.

(1) Jer. i. 19.

(2) Rev. ii. 10.

- 3 Upon thine arm of love I rest,
 Thy gracious voice forbids my fear ;
 No storms disturb my peaceful breast,
 No foes assault when thou art near.
- 4 But ah ! since thou hast been away,
 Nothing but trouble have I known ;
 And Satan marks me for his prey,
 Because he sees me left alone.
- 5 My sun is hid, my comforts lost,
 My graces droop, my sins revive ;
 Distress'd, dismay'd, and tempest-toss'd,
 My soul is only just alive !
- 6 Lord, hear my cry, and come again !
 Put all mine enemies to shame,
 And let them see 'tis not in vain
 That I have trusted in thy name.

XXXII. *Cast down, but not destroyed.*

- 1 **T**HO' sore beset with guilt and fear,
 I cannot, dare not, quite despair ;
 If I must perish, would the Lord
 Have taught my heart to love his word ?
 Would he have giv'n me eyes to see (1)
 My danger, and my remedy ;
 Reveal'd his name, and bid me pray,
 Had he resolv'd to say me nay ?
- 2 No—tho' cast down, I am not slain ;
 I fall, but I shall rise again ; (2)
 The present, Satan, is thy hour,
 But Jesus shall controul thy pow'r :
 His love will plead for my relief,
 He hears my groans, he sees my grief ;
 Nor will he suffer thee to boast,
 A soul, that sought his help, was lost.
- 3 'Tis true, I have unfaithful been,
 And griev'd his Spirit by my sin ;
 Yet still his mercy he'll reveal,
 And my wounds and follies heal :
 Abounding sin, I must confess, (3)
 But more abounding in his grace ;
 He once vouchsaf'd for me to bleed,
 And now he lives, my cause to plead.
- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
 I see him on his mercy-seat ;

(1) Judges xiii. 23. (2) Micah vii. 8. (3) Rom: v. 20.

('Tis sprinkled with atoning blood,
 There sinners find access to God :
 Ye burden'd souls approach with me,
 And make thy Saviour's name your plea ;
 Jesus will pardon all who come,
 And strike our fierce accusers dumb.

XXXIII. *The benighted Traveller.*

- 1 **F**OREST beasts, that live by prey,
 Seldom shew themselves by day ;
 But when the day-light is withdrawn, (1)
 Then rove and roar till dawn.
- 2 Who can tell the traveller's fears,
 When their horrid yells he hears ?
 Terror almost stops his breath,
 While each step he looks for death.
- 3 Thus when Jesus is in view,
 Cheerful I my way pursue ;
 Walking by my Saviour's light,
 Nothing can my soul affright.
- 4 But when he forbears to shine,
 Soon the traveller's case is mine ;
 Lost, benighted, struck with dread,
 What a painful path I tread !
- 5 Then my soul with terror hears,
 Worse than lions, wolves, or bears,
 Roaring loud in ev'ry part,
 Thro' the forest of my heart.
- 6 Wrath, impatience, envy, pride,
 Satan and his host beside,
 Press around me to devour ;
 How can I escape their pow'r ?
- 7 Gracious Lord afford me light,
 Put these beasts of prey to flight ;
 Let thy pow'r and love be shewn, (2)
 Save me, for I am *thine* own.

XXXIV. *The Prisoner.*

- 1 **W**HEN the poor pris'ner thro' a grate
 Sees others walk at large ;
 How does he mourn his lonely state,
 And long for a discharge ?
- 2 Thus I, confin'd in unbelief,
 My loss of freedom mourn ;

(1) Psalm civ. 20.

(2) Psalm cxiv. 94.

- And spend my hours in fruitless grief,
 Until my Lord return.
- 3 The beam of day which pierces thro'
 The gloom in which I dwell,
 Only discloses to my view
 The horrors of my cell.
- 4 Ah! how my pensive spirit faints,
 To think of former days!
 When I could triumph with the saints,
 And join their songs of praise!
- 5 But now my joys are all cut off,
 In prison I am cast,
 And Satan with a cruel scoff, (1)
 Says, "Where's your God at last?"
- 6 Dear Saviour, for thy mercy's sake,
 (My strong, my only plea)
 These gates and bars in pieces break, (2)
 And set the pris'ner free!
- 7 Surely my soul shall sing to thee,
 For liberty restor'd;
 And all thy saints admire to see
 The mercies of the Lord.

XXXV. *Perplexity relieved.*

- 1 **U**NCERTAIN how the way to find
 Which to salvation led;
 I list'ned long, with anxious mind,
 To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
 I fear'd that I was wrong;
 For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
 Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
 And made my burden light;
 Then for a moment I believ'd,
 Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
 Of anguish and dismay;
 Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
 Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
 For I had liv'd at ease;
 (1) Psalm cxvi. 2. (2) Psalm xlii. 7.

- I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart ;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Alas ! " I now must give it up,"
I cry'd in deep despair ;
How could I dream of dawning hope,
From what I cannot bear !
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
" Trust simply on my word, he said,
And leave the rest to me."

XXXVI. *Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue this worm to death ?
" 'Tis in this way ' the Lord reply'd)
I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 " These inward trials I employ,
From self, and pride, to set thee free ;
And break the schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

XXXVIII. *I will trust, and not be afraid.*

- 1 **B**EGONE unbelief,
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear.
 By pray'r let me wrestle,
 And he will perform,
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.
- 2 Tho' dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide.
 Tho' cisterns be broken,
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken
 Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past,
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink :
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite thro'.
- 4 Determin'd to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death :
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me,
 To put me to shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ?
 He told me no less :
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Thro' much tribulation,
 Must follow the Lord. (1)
- 6 How bitter that cup,
 No heart can conceive,

(1) Acts xiv. 22.

Which he drank quite up,
 That sinners might live !
 His way was much rougher,
 And darker than mine ;
 Did Jesus thus suffer,
 And shall I repine ?
 7 Since all that I meet
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The med'cine is food ;
 Tho' painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long ;
 And then oh ! how pleasant
 The conqueror's song ! (1)

XXXVIII. *Questions to Unbelief.*

1 **I**F to Jesus for relief,
 My soul has fled by pray'r ;
 Why should I give way to grief,
 Or heart-consuming care ?
 Are not all things in his hand ?
 Has not his promise past ?
 Will he then regardless stand,
 And let me sink at last ?
 2 While I know his providence
 Disposes each event ;
 Shall I judge by feeble sense,
 And yield to discontent ?
 If he worms and sparrows feed,
 Clothe the grass in rich array ; (2)
 Can he see a child in need,
 And turn his eye away ?
 3 When his name was quite unknown,
 And sin my life employ'd ;
 Then he watch'd me as his own,
 Or I had been destroy'd :
 Now his mercy-seat I know,
 Now by grace am reconcil'd ;
 Would he spare me while a foe, (3)
 To leave me when a child ?
 4 If he all my wants supply'd
 When I disdain to pray ;
 Now his Spirit is my guide,
 How can he say me nay ?

(1) Rom. viii. 37. (2) Matt. vi. 26. (3) Rom. v. 10.

If he would not give me up
 When my soul against him fought ;
 Will he disappoint the hope,
 Which he himself has wrought ?

- 5 If he shed his precious blood
 To bring me to his fold ;
 Can I think that meaner good (1)
 He ever will withhold ?
 Satan, vain is thy device !
 Here my hope rests well assur'd,
 In that great redemption-price,
 I see the whole secur'd.

XXXIX. *Great Effects by weak means.*

- 1 **U**NBELIEF the soul dismays ;
 What objections will it raise !
 But true faith securely leans
 On the promise, in the means.
- 2 If to faith it once be known,
 God has said, " It shall be done,
 And in this appointed way ;"
 Faith has then no more to say.
- 3 Moses' rod by faith appear'd, (2)
 Thro' the sea a path prepar'd ;
 Jericho's devoted wall (3)
 At the trumpet's sound must fall.
- 4 With a pitcher and a lamp (4)
 Gideon overthrew a camp ;
 And a stone, well aim'd by faith, (5)
 Prov'd the arm'd Philistine's death.
- 5 Thus the Lord is pleas'd to try
 Those who on his help rely ;
 By the means he makes it known,
 'That the pow'r is all his own.
- 6 Yet the means are not in vain,
 If the end we would obtain ;
 Tho' the breath of pray'r be weak,
 None shall find but they who seek.
- 7 God alone the heart can reach,
 Yet the ministers must preach :
 'Tis their part the seed to sow,
 And 'tis his to make it grow.

(1) Rom. viii. 32. (2) Exod. xiv. 21. (3) Joshua vi. 22.
 (4) Judges vii. 22. (5) 1 Sam. xvii. 42.

XL. *Why art thou cast down ?*

- 1 **B**E still my heart ! these anxious cares,
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit ;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 5 Like David, thou may'st comfort draw,
Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw.
Goliath's rage I may defy,
For God, my Saviour, still is nigh.
- 6 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro' ;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 7 Tho' rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God :
Then count thy present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

XLI. *The way of Access.*

- 1 **O**NE glance of thine eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature thro' ;
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view !
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies ;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart,
Is open to thine eyes.
- 3 Tho' greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou see'st my inward frame ;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.

- 4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
 What in myself I see,
 How vile and black must I appear,
 Most holy God, to thee.
- 5 But since my Saviour stands between,
 In garments dy'd in blood ;
 'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
 When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus, tho' a sinner, I am safe ;
 He pleads before the throne,
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wond'rous love, what mysteries,
 In this appointment shine !
 My breaches of the law are his, (1)
 And his obedience mine.

XLII. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately freed
 By the Redeemer's grace !
 A rough and stormy path we tread,
 In hope to see his face.
- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,
 But faith approves it well ;
 This only leads to endless day,
 All others lead to hell.
- 3 The promis'd land of peace
 Faith keeps in constant view ;
 How diff'rent from the wilderness
 We now are passing thro' !
- 4 Here often from our eyes
 Clouds hide the light divine ;
 There we shall have unclouded skies,
 Our sun will always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
 And fears, distress us sore ;
 But there eternal pleasure reigns,
 And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints,
 We follow at thy call ;
 The joy, prepar'd for suff'ring saints,
 Will make amends for all.

(1) 2 Cor. v. 21.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 10. 12. 21. 22. 24. 27. 40. 43.
44. 51. 56. 63. 76. 88. 107. 115. 126. 150. 151.
136. 142.

Book II. Hymn 30. 31. 84. 87. 92.

IV. C O M F O R T.

LXIII. *Faith a new and comprehensive Sense.*

- 1 **S**IGHT, hearing, feeling, taste and smell,
Are gifts we highly prize ;
But faith does singly each excel,
And all the five comprise.
- 2 More piercing than the eagle's sight,
It views the world unknown :
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And Jesus on the throne.
- 3 It hears the mighty voice of God,
And ponders what he saith ;
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
Have each a voice to faith.
- 4 It feels the touch of heav'nly pow'r (1)
And from the boundless source.
Derives fresh vigour ev'ry hour
To run its daily course.
- 5 The truth and goodness of the Lord
Are suited to its taste ; (2)
Mean is the worldling's pamper'd board,
To faith's perpetual feast.
- 6 It smells the dear Redeemer's name
Like ointment pour'd forth ; (3)
Faith only knows, or can proclaim,
Its favour or its worth.
- 7 Till saving faith possess the mind,
In vain of sense we boast ;
We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

LXIV. (c) *The happy Change.*

- 1 **H**OW blest thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high ?

(1) Luke viii. 46. (2) Psalm cxix.

(3) Sol. Song i. 3.

- 2 Thro' all the storms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things ;
 The sun of righteousness he eyes,
 With healing on his wings.
- 3 Struck by that light, the human heart, (1)
 A barren soil no more ;
 Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
 Where serpents lurk'd before.
- 4 The soul, a dreary province once
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And owns a heav'nly reign.
- 5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
 The fruitful year controul ;
 Since first, obedient to thy word,
 He started from the goal :
- 6 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
 His orient rays impart ;
 But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone,
 Can shine upon the heart.

XLV. (c) *Retirement.*

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most succesful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With pray'r and praise agree ;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode ;
 Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine ;
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour thou art mine !

(1) Isaiah xxxv. 7.

- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store;
 Shall echo thro' the realms above
 When time shall be no more.

XLVI. *JESUS my All.*

- 1 **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,
 Or tremble at the tempter's pow'r?
 Jesus vouchsafes to be my tow'r.
- 2 Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?
 Why must I either flee or yield,
 Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
 Worldlings may weep; but why should I?
 Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
 My soul a famine need not dread,
 For Jesus is my living bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
 Or how my wants shall be supply'd;
 But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Tho' sin would fill me with distress,
 The throne of grace I dare address,
 For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Tho' faint my prayer's, and cold my love,
 My stedfast hope shall not remove,
 While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine:
 But on my side is pow'r divine:
 Jesus is all and he is mine.

XLVII. *The hidden Life.*

- 1 **T**O tell the Saviour all my wants,
 How pleasing is the task?
 Nor less to praise him when he grants
 Beyond what I can ask.
- 2 My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
 To tell but half the joy:
 With how much tenderness he speaks,
 And helps me to reply.
- 3 Nor were it wise nor should I choose
 Such secrets to declare;
 Like precious wines their taste they lose
 Expos'd to open air.

- 4 But with the boldness I ' proclaim,
 Nor care if thousands hear ;
 Sweet is the ointment of his name,
 Not life is half so dear.
- 5 And can you frown my former friends,
 Who knew what once I was ;
 And blame the song that thus commends
 The man who bore the cross.
- 6 Trust me I draw the likeness true,
 And such as fancy paints ;
 Such honour may he give to you,
 For such have all his saints.

XLVIII. *Joy and Peace in believing.*

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing on his wings ;
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow (1)
 Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us thro',
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too :
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but his fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens.
 Will give his children bread.
- 4 The wine nor fig-tree neither (2)
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Tho' all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;

(1) Matt. vi. 34. (2) Habbakkuk. iii. 17. 18.

For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

XLIX (c) *True Pleasures.*

1 **L**ORD, my soul with pleasure springs,
When Jesus' name I hear;
And when God the spirit brings
The word of promise near:
Beauties too, in holiness,
Still delighted I perceive;
Nor have words that can express
The joys thy precepts give.

2 Cloth'd in sanctity and grace,
How sweet it is to see,
Those who love thee as they pass,
Or when they wait on thee:
Pleasant too, to fit and tell
What we owe to love divine;
Till our bosoms grateful swell,
And eyes begin to shine.

3 Those the comforts I possess,
Which God shall still increase:
All his ways are pleasantness, (1)
And all his paths are peace:
Nothing Jesus did or spoke,
Henceforth let me ever slight;
For I love his easy yoke, (2)
And find his burden light.

L. (c) *The Christian.*

1 **H**ONOUR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How far the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of th'etherial dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;

(1) Prov. iii. 17. (2) Matt. xi. 30.

The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expences of his heav'nly birth.

- 5 The noblest creatures seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above ;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love !
- 6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought !
Methinks from earth I see him rise ;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

Ll. (c) *Lively Hope and gracious Fear.*

- 1 **I** Was a grov'ling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth ;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form
The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand :
To view beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promis'd it to me ;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege !
To thee for help I call :
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh save me, lest I fall !
- 6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own ;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

LII. *Confidence.*

- 1 **Y**ES ! Since God himself has said it,
On the promise I rely ;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply ?
He is strong, and *can* fulfil,
He is truth, and therefore *will*.

- 2 As to all the doubts and questions,
Which my spirit often grieve,
These are Satan's sly suggestions,
And I need no answer give :
 He would fain destroy my hope,
 But the promise bears it up.
Sure thē Lord thus far has brought me
By his watchful tender care ;
Sure 'tis he himself has taught me
How to seek his face by pray'r :
 After so much mercy past,
 Will he give me up at last ?
- 4 True I've been a foolish creature,
And half sinn'd against his grace ;
But forgiveness is his nature,
Tho' he justly hides his face :
 Ere he call'd me, well he knew (1)
 What a heart like mine would do.
- 5 In my Saviour's intercession
Therefore I will still confide ;
Lord accept my free confession,
I have sinn'd, but thou hast dy'd (2)
 This is all I have to plead,
 This is all the plea I need.

LIII. *Peace restored.*

- 1 **O**H, speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart,
No voice but thine can sooth my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.
- 2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own
I wretch so vile as I ?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba Father, cry ?
- 3 Oh then let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim,
The grace that heal'd a breach like mine,
And put my foes to shame !
- 4 How oft did Satan's cruel boast
My troubled soul affright !
He told me I was surely lost,
And God had left me quite. (3)
- 5 Guilt made me fear, lest all were true
The lying tempter said !

(1) Isaiah xlvi. 8. (2) Rom viii. 34.

(3) Psalm lxxi, 11.

But now the Lord appears in view,
My enemy is fled.

6 My Saviour, by his pow'rful word,
Has turn'd my night to day,
And his salvation's joy's restor'd,
Which I have sinn'd away.

7 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore ;
Thy grace is all divine ;
Oh keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine !

LIV. *Hear what he has done for my soul !*

1 **S**AV'D by blood I live to tell.
What the love of Christ hath done ;
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son :
Oh ! I tremble still, to think
How secure I liv'd in sin ;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

2 In his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke ;
Touch'd me by his Spirit's pow'r,
And my dang'rous slumber broke,
Then I saw, and own'd my guilt,
Soon my gracious Lord reply'd :
" Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I dy'd."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart ;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part ?
" Thou hast greatly sinn'd, he said,
But I freely all forgive ;
I myself thy debt have paid,
Now I bid the rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow sinners, try,
Jesus' heart is full of love ;
Oh that you, as well as I,
May his wond'rous mercy prove !
He has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free :
Why should any soul despair,
When he sav'd a wretch like me.

LV. *Freedom from care.*

- 1 **W**HILE I liv'd without the Lord,
 (If I might be said to live)
 Nothing could relief afford :
 Nothing satisfaction give.
- 2 Empty hopes and groundless fear,
 Mov'd by turns my anxious mind ;
 Like a feather in the air,
 Made the sport in ev'ry wind.
- 3 Now I see, whate'er betide,
 All is well if Christ be mine ;
 He has promis'd to provide,
 I have only to resign.
- 4 When a sense of sin and thrall,
 Forc'd me to the sinner's Friend ;
 He engag'd to manage all,
 By the way and to the end.
- 5 "Cast, he said on me, thy care, (1)
 'Tis enough that I am nigh ;
 I will all thy burdens bear,
 I will all thy wants supply.
- 6 "Simply follow as I lead
 Do not reason but believe ;
 Call on me in time of need,
 Thou shalt surely help receive."
- 7 Lord, I would, I do submit,
 Gladly yield my all to thee ;
 What thy wisdom sees most fit,
 Must be surely best for me.
- 8 Only when the way is rough,
 And the coward flesh would start,
 Let thy promise and thy love,
 Cheer and animate my heart.

LVI. *Humiliation and Praise.*

(Imitated from the German.)

- 1 **W**HEN the wounded spirit hears
 The voice of Jesus' blood ;
 How the message stops the tears
 Which else in vain had flow'd :
 Pardon, grace, and peace proclaim'd,
 And the sinner call'd a child ;
 Then the stubborn heart is tam'd,
 Renew'd and reconcil'd.

(1) Psalm iv. 22. 1 Peter v. 5.

- 2 Oh! 'twas grace indeed, to spare
 And save a wretch like me!
 Men or angels could not bear
 What I have offer'd thee:
 Were thy bolts at their command,
 Hell, ere now, had been my place;
 Thou alone should silent stand,
 And wait to shew thy grace.
- 3 If in one created mind
 The tenderness and love
 Of thy saints on earth were join'd,
 With all the hosts above;
 Still that love were weak and poor,
 If compar'd my Lord, with thine;
 Far too scanty to endure
 A heart so vile as mine.
- 4 Wond'rous mercy I have found,
 But ah! how faint my praise!
 Must I be a cumber-ground,
 Unfruitful all my days?
 Do I in thy garden grow,
 Yet produce thee only leaves?
 Lord forbid it should be so!
 The thought my spirit grieves.
- 5 Heavy charges Satan brings,
 To fill me with distress;
 Let me hide beneath thy wings.
 And plead thy righteousness
 Lord, to thee for help I call,
 'Tis thy promise bids me come;
 Tell him thou has paid for all,
 And that shall strike him dumb.

LVII, (c) *For the Poor.*

- 1 **W**HEN Hagar found the bottle spent (1)
 And wept o'er Ishmael;
 A message from the Lord was sent
 To guide her to a well.
- 2 Should not Elijah's cake and cruise (2)
 Convince us at this day;
 A gracious God will not refuse
 Provisions by the way?
- 3 His saints and servants shall be fed,
 The promise is secure;
 (1) Gen. xxi. 19. (2) Kings xvii. 14.

“ Bread shall be giv’n them, as he said,
Their water shall be sure.” (1)

- 4 Repasts far richer they shall prove,
Than all earth’s dainties are ;
’Tis sweet to taste a Saviour’s love,
Tho’ in the meanest fare.
- 5 To Jesus then your trouble bring,
Nor murmur at your lot ;
While you are poor, and he is King,
You shall not be forgot.

LVIII. *Home in view.*

- 1 **A**S when the weary trav’ller gains
The height of some o’er-looking hill,
His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, tho’ distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much lov’d spot,
He slights the space that lies between ;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey’s end is seen.
- 3 Thus when the christian pilgrim views
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past ;
Nor any future trial fears, (2)
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 ’Tis there, he says I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode :
Assur’d our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 4, 7, 9, 11, 25, 35, 36, 39, 41, 46,
47, 48, 70, 95, 128, 132.

Book II. Hymn 45, 46, 47.

(1) Isa. xxiii. 16.

(2) Acts xx. 24.

V. DEDICATION AND SURRENDER,

LIX. *Old things are passed away.*

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my my roving heart,
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?
- 6 Yes! tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first
I had refus'd thee still, (1)

LX. *The power of Grace.*

- 1 **H**APPY the birth where grace presides
To form the future life !
In wisdom's paths the soul she guides,
Remote from noise and strife.
- 2 Since I have known the Saviour's name,
And what for me he bore ;
No more I toil for empty fame,
I thirst for gold no more.
- 3 Plac'd by his hand in this retreat,
I make his love my theme ;
And see that all the world calls great,
Is but a walking dream.
- 4 Since he has rank'd my worthless name
Amongst his favour'd few ;
(1) Jeremiah xxxi. 3.

Let the mad world who scoff at them,
Revile and hate me too.

- 5 Oh thou whose voice the dead can raise,
And soften hearts of stone,
And teach the dumb to sing thy praise,
This work is all thine own.
- 6 Thy wond^rring saints rejoice to see
A wretch, like me, restor'd ;
And point, and say, "How chang'd is he,
Who once defy'd the Lord !"
- 7 Grace bid me live, and taught my tongue
To aim at notes divine ;
And grace accepts my feeble song,
The glory, Lord, be thine !

LXI. (c) *My soul thirsteth for GOD.*

- 1 **I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthy things ;
And taught me to esteem as dross,
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows ;
And made a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown !
No longer sink below the brim ;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream !
- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye ;
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

LXII. (c) *Love constraining to Obedience.*

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright ;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress !

- I toil'd the precept to obey,
 But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then to abstain from outward sin
 Was more than I could do ;
 Now I feel its pow'r within,
 I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then all my servile works were done
 A righteousness to raise ;
 Now freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose his ways.
- 5 What should I do, was then the word,
 That I may worthier grow ?
 What shall I render to the Lord ?
 Is my enquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
 And hear his pard'ning voice ;
 Changes a slave into a child, (1)
 And duty into choice.

LXIII. (c) *The heart healed and changed by Mercy.*

- 1 **S**IN enslav'd me many years,
 And led me bound and blind ;
 Till at length a thousand fears
 Came swarming o'er my mind.
 Where, I said in deep distress,
 Will these sinful pleasures end ?
 How shall I secure my peace,
 And make the Lord my friend ?
- 2 Friends and ministers said much
 The gospel to enforce ;
 But my blindness still was such,
 I chose a legal course :
 Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
 Scarce would shew my face abroad,
 Fear'd, almost, to speak or move,
 A stranger still to God.
- 5 Thus afraid to trust his grace,
 Long time did I rebel ;
 Till despairing of my case,
 Down at his feet I fell :
 Then my stubborn heart he broke,
 And subdu'd me to his sway ;
 By a simple word he spoke,
 " Thy sins are done away."

(1) Rom. iii. 31.

LXIV. (c) *Hatred of Sin.*

- 1 **H**OLY Lord God ! I love thy truth,
 Nor dare thy least commandment slight ;
 Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
 I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But tho' the poison lurks within,
 Hope bids me still with patience wait ;
 Till death shall set me free from sin,
 Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
 Where angels and archangels'dwell ;
 One sin, unslain, within my breast,
 Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.
- 4 The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
 And bless'd with liberty again,
 Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear
 One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh ! no foe invades the bliss,
 When glory crowns the christian's head ;
 One view of Jesus as he is,
 Will strike all sin forever dead.

LXV. *The Child.* (1)

- 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me a weaned child ;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,

May I live upon thy smiles,
 Till the promis'd hour appears ;
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

LXVI. *True Happiness.*

- 1 **F**IX my heart and eyes on thine !
 What are other objects worth ?
 But to see thy glory shine,
 Is a heav'n begun on earth :
 Trifles can no longer move,
 Oh, I tread on all beside,
 When I feel my Saviour's love,
 And remember how he dy'd.
- 2 Now my search is at an end,
 Now my wishes rove no more !
 Thus my moments I would spend,
 Love, and wonder, and adore :
 Jesus, source of excellence !
 All thy glorious love reveal !
 Kingdoms shall not bribe me hence,
 While thy happiness I feel.
- 3 Take my heart, 'tis all thine own,
 To thy will my spirit frame ;
 Thou shalt reign, and thou alone,
 Over all I have, or am :
 If a foolish thought should dare
 To rebel against thy word,
 Slay it, Lord, and do not spare,
 Let it feel thy Spirit's sword.
- 4 Making thus the Lord my choice,
 I have nothing more to choose,
 But to listen to thy voice,
 And my will in thine to lose :
 Thus, whatever may betide,
 I shall safe and happy be :
 Still content and satisfy'd,
 Having all, in having thee.

LXVII. *The happy Debtor.*

- 1 **T**EN thousand talents once I ow'd,
 And nothing had to pay ;
 But Jesus freed me from the load,
 And wash'd my debt away.
- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
 And blotted out my score,

- Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.
- 3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
And satisfaction made ;
But the vast debt of love I owe,
Can never be repaid.
- 4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promis'd heav'n,
No angel can conceive.
- 5 That love of thine ! thou sinner's Friend !
Witness thy bleeding heart !
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.
- 6 Nay more, the poor returns I make,
I first from thee obtain ; (1)
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.
- 7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,
(Let who will boast their store)
In time, and to eternity,
To owe thee more and more.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 27, 50, 70, 93, 122.

Book II. Hymn 23, 90.



VI. CAUTIONS.

LXVIII. (c) *The new Convert.*

- 1 **T**HE new-born child of gospel-grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.
- 2 No fears he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs ;
Nor has he learnt, to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
- 3 Eut sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day ;
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

(1) 1 Chron. xxi. 14.

4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less ;
And said, lest Israel vainly boast, (1)
“ My arm procur'd me this success.”

5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low ;
That sav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

LXIX. (c) *True and false Comforts.*

O GOD, whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives ;
Holy and heav'nly is the joy,
Thy shining presence gives.

2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose
Prepar'd by Satan's art.

3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who while they boast their light,
And seem'd to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.

4 Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin and yet rejoice ;—
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice ?

5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's pow'r ;
That makes me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie ;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

LXX. *True and false Zeal.*

1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies :
While that which often-bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

(1) Judges vii. 2.

- 3 While zeal for truth the christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace ;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
 Its end is satisfy'd :
 If sinners love the Saviour's name,
 Nor seeks it ought beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
 Has its own ends in view ;
 And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd, (1)
 " Come see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
 And be applauded here ;
 But zeal the best applause will gain,
 When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
 And from our hearts remove ;
 And let no zeal by us be shewn,
 But that which springs from love.

LXXI. (c) *A living and a dead Faith.*

- 1 **T**He Lord receives his highest praise,
 From humble minds and hearts sincere ;
 While all the loud professor says,
 Offends the righteous Judge's ear.
- 2 To walk as children of the day,
 To mark the precepts holy light,
 To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
 Shew who are pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Not words alone it cost the Lord,
 To purchase pardon for his own ;
 Nor with a soul, by grace restor'd,
 Return the Saviour's words alone.
- 4 With golden bells, the priestly vest (2)
 And rich pomegranates border'd round,
 The need of holiness express'd,
 And call for fruit as well as sound.
- 5 Easy, indeed it were to reach
 A mansion in the courts above,
 If swelling words and fluent speech
 Might serve, instead of faith and love.
- (1) 2 Kings x. 16. (2) Exodus xxviii. 33.

- 6 But none shall gain the blissful place,
 Or God's unclouded glory see ;
 Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
 Unless that grace has made him free.

LXXII. (c) *Abuse of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**OO many, Lord, abuse thy grace,
 In this licentious day ;
 And while they boast they see thy face,
 They turn their own away.
- 2 Thy book displays a gracious light,
 That can the blind restore ;
 But these are dazzled by the sight,
 And blinded still the more.
- 3 The pardon such presume upon,
 They do not beg, but steal ;
 And when they plead it at thy throne,
 Oh, where's the Spirit's seal ?
- 4 Was it for this, ye lawless tribe,
 The dear Redeemer bled ?
 Is this the grace the saints imbibe
 From Christ, the living head ?
- 5 Ah Lord, we know thy chosen few
 Are fed with heav'nly fare,
 But these, the wretched husks they chew,
 Proclaim them what they are.
- 6 The liberty our hearts implore,
 Is not to live in sin ;
 But still to wait at wisdom's door,
 Till mercy calls us in.

LXXIII. (c) *The narrow way.*

- 1 **W**HAT thousands never knew the road !
 What thousands hate it when'tis known !
 None but the chosen tribes of God,
 Will seek or choose it for their own.
- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
 One only leads to joys on high ;
 By that my willing steps ascend,
 Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask or hope to find,
 Delight or happiness below ;
 Sorrow may well possess the mind
 That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above ;
There, glory without end, shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.
- 5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust ;
But God shall fight, with all his storms,
Against the idol of your trust.

LXXIV. (c) *Dependance.*

- 1 **T**O keep the lamp alive
With oil we fill the bowl ;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word (1)
Nor confidently say,
" I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never may.
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide ;
This more exalts the King of kings (2)
Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne ;
Whosoever says, " I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

LXXV. (c) *Not of Works.*

- 1 **G**RACE, triumphant in the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone !
Come and bow beneath her sway,
Cast your idol works away :
Works of man, when made his plea,
Never shall accepted be ;
Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm)
Are the best he can perform.

(1) Matt. xvi. 32.

(2) John vi. 29.

- 2 Self, the god his soul adores,
Influences all his pow'rs ;
Jesus is a slighted name,
Self-advancement all his aim ;
But when God, the Judge, shall come,
To pronounce the final doom ;
When for rocks and hills to hide
All his works and all his pride.
- 3 Still the boasting heart replies,
What the worthy and the wise,
Friends to temperance and peace,
Have not these a righteousness ?
Banish ev'ry vain pretence,
Built on human excellence ;
Perish ev'ry thing in man,
But the grace that never can.

LXXVI. *Sin's Deceit.*

- 1 **S**IN, when view'd by scripture light,
Is a horrid, hateful sight ;
But when seen in Satan's glass,
Then it was a pleasing face.
- 2 When the gospel trumpet sounds,
When I think how grace abounds,
When I feel sweet peace within,
Then I'd rather die than sin.
- 3 When the cross I view by faith,
Sin is madness, poison, death ;
Tempt me not, 'tis all in vain,
Sure I ne'er can yield again.
- 4 Satan for a while debarr'd,
When he finds me off my guard,
Puts his glass before my eyes,
Quickly other thoughts arise.
- 5 What before excited fears,
Rather pleasing now appears ;
If a sin, it seems so small,
Or, perhaps, no sin at all.
- 6 Often, thus, thro' sin's deceit,
Grief and shame, and loss I meet ;
Like a fish, my soul mistook,
Saw the bait, but not the hook.
- 7 O my Lord, what shall I say ;
How can I presume to pray ?

Not a word have I to plead,
Sins, like mine, are black indeed !

- 8 Made by past experience, wise,
Let me learn thy word to prize ;
Taught by what I've felt before,
Let me Satan's glass abhor.

LXXVII. *Are there few that shall be saved ?*

- 1 **D**ESTRUCTION'S dangerous road,
What multitudes pursue !
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

- 2 Believers enter in
By Christ the living gate ;
But they who will not leave their sin,
Complain it is too strait.

- 3 If self must be deny'd,
And sin forsaken quite ;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend ;
So many surely can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

- 5 But numbers are no mark,
That men will right be found ;
A few were sav'd in Noah's ark, (1)
For many millions drown'd.

- 6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may ;
The flock of Christ is always small, (2)
And none are sav'd but they.

- 7 Lord, open sinners eyes,
Their awful state to see ;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

LXXVIII. *The Sluggard.*

- 1 **T**HE wishes that the sluggard frames, (3)
Of course must fruitless prove ;
With folded arms he stands and dreams,
But has no heart to move.

(1) 1 Pet. iii. 20.

(2) Luke xii. 22.

(3) Prov. vi. 10. and xxiv. 30. and xxii. 13. and xx. 41.

- 2 His field from others may be known,
The fence is broken thro' ;
The ground with weeds is overgrown,
And no good crop in view.
- 3 No hardship he, or toil can bear,
No difficulty meet ;
He wastes his hours at home, for fear
Of lions in the street.
- 4 What wonder then if sloth and sleep,
Distress and famine bring ;
Can he in harvest hope to reap,
Who will not sow in spring ?
- 5 'Tis often thus, in soul concerns,
We gospel-sluggards see ;
Who if a wish would serve their turns,
Might true believers be.
- 6 But when the preacher bids them watch,
And seek, and strive, and pray ; (1)
At ev'ry poor excuse they catch
A lion in the way !
- 7 To use the means of grace, how loth !
We call them still in vain ;
They yield to their beloved sloth,
And fold their arms again.
- 8 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'r appear,
The outward call to aid ;
These drowsy souls can only hear
The voice that wakes the dead.

LXXIX. *Not in Word, but in Power.*

- 1 **H**OW soon the Saviour's gracious call,
Disarm'd the rage of bloody Saul, (2)
Jesus, the knowledge of thy name,
Changes the lion to a lamb !
- 2 Zacches. when he knew the Lord, (3)
What he had gain'd by wrong, restor'd ;
And of the wealth he priz'd before,
He gave the half to feed the poor.
- 3 The woman who so vile had been, (4)
When brought to weep o'er pardon'd sin,
Was from her evil ways estrang'd,
And shew'd that grace her heart had chang'd.

(1) 1 Cor. ix. 24. Luke xiii. 24. (2) Acts ix. 6.

(3) Luke xix. 8.

(4) Luke iii. 47.

- 4 And can we think the pow'r of grace
Is lost, by change of time and place?
Then it was mighty, all allow,
And is it but a notion now?
- 5 Can they whom pride and passion sway,
Who mammon and the world obey,
In envy or contention live,
Presume that they indeed believe?
- 6 True faith unites to Christ the root,
By him producing holy fruit?
And they who no such fruit can show,
Still on the stock of nature grow.
- 7 Lord, let thy word effectual prove
To work in us obedient love!
And may each one who hear it, dread
A name to live, and yet be dead. (1)

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 8, 20, 85, 87, 91, 104, 125, 139, 141.
Book II. Hymn 34, 49, 86, 91, 99.

VII. P R A I S E.

LXXX. (c) *Praise for Faith.*

- 1 **O**F all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good!
Not heav'n itself a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith too, the blood receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain;
Else sweetly, as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.
- 3 Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.
- 4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What mis'ry we endure!
Yet fly that hand, from which alone
We could expect a cure.
- 5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe;
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

(1) Rev. ii. 10.

LXXXI. (c) *Grace and Providence.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY King! whose wond'rous hand!
Supports the weight of sea and land;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good,
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him, who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low,
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

LXXXII. *Praise for redeeming Love.*

- 1 **L**ET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praise* the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us *sing*, tho' fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation, (1)
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown:
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store;
(1) Rev. ii. 10.

When thro' grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more.

He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God.

5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
Of the saints, enthron'd on high,
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky: (1)
“Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!”

6 Hark! the name of Jesus, sounded
Loud, from golden harps above!
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love!
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

LXXXIII. (c) *I will praise the Lord at all times*

1 **W**INTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song,
Seems to speak his dying groans!

3 Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
'His the air that cools the earth.

4 What, has autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

5 Light appears with early dawn
While the sun makes haste to rise,
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes, of the skies.

6 Ev'ning. with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shews an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest.

(1) Rev. v. 9.

LXXXIV. *Perseverance.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause his own ;
 The hope that's built upon his word,
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm ;
 Your life is hid with Christ in God (1)
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or fainting shall not die ;
 Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint, (2)
 Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
 Faith sees him always near ;
 A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,
 Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
 And triumph'd once for you ;
 So surely, you that love his name,
 Shall triumph in him too.

LXXXV. *Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION! what a glorious plan ;
 How suited to our need !
 The grace that raises fallen man,
 Is wonderful indeed !
- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
 To ransom us when lost ;
 And loves unfathomable mine
 Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict Justice, with approving look,
 The holy cov'nant seal'd ;
 And Truth, and Power, undertook
 The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r and love,
 In all their glory shone ;
 When Jesus left the courts above,
 And dy'd to save his own.
- 5 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r and Love,
 Are equally display'd ;
 Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
 Our Advocate and Head.

(1) Col. iii. 3. (2) Isaiah xii. 26.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
 Most hateful and abhor'd ;
 And yet the sinner lives by faith
 And dares approach the Lord.

LXXXVI. *Reigning Grace.*

1 **N**OW may the Lord reveal his face,
 And teach our stamm'ring tongues
 To make his sov'reign, reigning grace, (1)
 The subject of our songs ;
 No sweeter subject can invite
 A sinner's heart to sing ;
 Or more display the glorious right
 Of our exalted King.

2 This subject fills the starry plains,
 With wonder, joy and love ;
 And furnishes the noblest strains
 For all the harps above :
 While the redeem'd in praise combine
 To grace upon the throne (2)
 Angels in solemn chorus join,
 And make the theme their own.

3 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
 To melt the hardest hearts ;
 And from the work it once begins, (3)
 It never more departs.
 The world and Satan strive in vain,
 Against the chosen few (4) :
 Secur'd by grace's conqu'ring reign,
 They all shall conquer too.

4 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
 Provides the sun and rain ;
 Till from the tender blade proceeds,
 The ripen'd harvest grain.
 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first,
 By grace thus far we're come,
 And grace will help us thro' the worst,
 And lead us safely home.

5 Lord, when this changing life is past,
 If we may see thy face ;
 How shall we praise, and love at last,
 And sing the reign of grace ! (5)

(1) Rom. v. 21. (2) Rev. v. 9. 12.

(3) Phil. i. 6. (4) Rom. viii. 35. 39.

(1) Psalm cxv. 1.

Yet let us aim while here below
 Thy mercy to display ;
 And own, at least the debt we owe,
 Altho' we cannot pay.

LXXXVII. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**REPARE a thankful song
 To the Redeemer's name !
 His praises should employ each tongue,
 And ev'ry heart enflame !
- 2 He laid his glory by,
 And dreadful pains endur'd :
 That rebels, such as you and I,
 From wrath might be secur'd.
- 3 Upon the cross he dy'd,
 Our debt of sin to pay,
 The blood and water from his side
 Wash guilt and filth away.
- 4 And now he pleading stands
 For us before the throne ?
 And answers all the Law's demands,
 With what himself hath done.
- 5 He sees us, willing slaves
 To sin and Satan's pow'r :
 But with an outstretch'd arm he saves,
 In his appointed hour.
- 6 The Holy Ghost he sends,
 Our stubborn souls to move ;
 To make his enemies his friends,
 And conquer them by love,
- 7 The love of sin departs,
 The life of grace takes place,
 Soon as his voice invites our hearts
 To rise and seek his face.
- 8 The world and Satan rage
 But he their pow'r controls ;
 His wisdom, love, and truth engage
 Protection for our souls.
- 9 Tho' press'd, we will not yield,
 But shall prevail at length,
 For Jesus is our sun and shield,
 Our righteousness and strength.
- 10 Assur'd that Christ our king,
 Will put our foes to flight ;

We, on the field of battle, sing
And triumph, while we fight.

LXXXVIII. *Man by Nature, Grace and Glory.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man? Extremes how wide
In this mysterious nature join!
The flesh, to worms and dust ally'd
The soul, immortal and divine!
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
Till stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, Oh! amazing grace!
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood;
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?
With honour, holiness and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

S I M I L A R H Y M N S.

Book I. Hymn 57. 58. 59. 79. 80.

Book II. Hymn 37. 38. 39. 41. 42.

VIII. S H O R T H Y M N S.

LXXXIX. B E F O R E S E R M O N.

- 1 **C**ONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And satisfy thy poor with bread:
Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
A thirst and hungry we are come,
Now from the fullness of thy word,
Feast us and send us thankful home.

H Y M N X C.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord inspire the preacher's heart,
And teach his tongue to speak;

Food to the hungry soul impart :
And cordials to the weak.

- 2 Furnish us all with light and pow'rs
To walk in wisdom's ways ;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

H Y M N XCI.

- 1 **T**HY promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to day ;
And now we humbly waiting stand
To hear what thou wilt say. (1)

- 2 Meet us, we pray; with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love ;
That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

H Y M N XCII.

- 1 **H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

- 2 Thy word invites us nigh
Or we must starve indeed ;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

- 3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give ;
Oh, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat, and live.

XCIII *Psalm cvi. 4. 5.*

- 1 **R**EMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious name ;
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.

- 2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine ;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

H Y M N XCIV.

NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze, (2)
But to Zion's throne of Grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

(1) *Psalm lxxxv. 8.* (2) *Heb. xii 18, 22.*

- 2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water by that well supply'd, (1)
Jesus open'd when he dy'd.
- 3 Lord there are no streams but thine,
Can assuage a thirst like mine;
'Tis a thirst thyself did st give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

H Y M N XCV.

- 1 **O**FTEN thy public means of grace,
Thy thirsty people's wat'ring place
The archers have beset; (2)
Attack'd them in thy house of pray'r,
To prison dragg'd, or to the bar,
When thus together met.
- 2 But we from such assaults are freed,
Can pray, and sing, and hear, and read,
And meet and part in peace:
May we our privileges prize,
In their improvement make us wise,
And bless us with increase.
- 3 Unless thy presence thou afford,
Unless thy blessing clothe the word,
In vain our liberty!
What would it profit to maintain
A name for life, should we remain
Formal and dead to thee?

A F T E R S E R M O N.

XCVI. *Deut.* xxxiii. 26.—29.

- 1 **W**ITH Israel's God who can compare?
Or who, like Israel happy are!
O people saved by the Lord,
He is thy shield and great reward!
- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
Thou art secur'd from foes and harms;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
Our refuge is the Lord of Hosts.

XCVII. *Habbakkuk* iii. 17. 28.

- 1 **J**ESUS is mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard;
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow
And comforts melt away like snow:
(1) *Isaiah* xii. 3. (2) *Judges* v. 11.

No blasted trees, or failing crops,
 Can hinder my eternal hopes ;
 Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same,
 Then let me triumph in his name.

H Y M N. XCVIII.

- 1 **W**E seek a rest beyond the skies,
 In everlasting day ;
 Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,
 But Jesus guards the way.
 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
 Hear and obey his word ;
 Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

XCIX. *Deut.* xxxii. 9, 10.

- 1 **T**HE saints Emmanuel's portion are,
 Redeem'd by price, reclaim'd by pow'r ;
 His special choice and tender care,
 Owns them, and guards them ev'ry hour.
 2 He finds them in a barren land
 Beset with sins, and fears, and woes ;
 He leads and guides them by his hand,
 And bears them safe from all their foes.

C. Hebrews xiii. 20, 24.

- 1 **N**OW may he who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep ;
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
 All our souls in safety heep !
 2 May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight ;
 Perfect us in all his will,
 And preserve us day and night !
 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

CI. *2 Corinthians*, xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the holy spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other, and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN. CII.

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels (1)
 Direct and keep, and cheer your hearts :
 And may the only Three in One,
 The Father, Word and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down
 On ev'ry soul assembled here !

HYMN CIII.

- 1 **T**O thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our powr's ;
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours :
 Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
 And to thy word a blessing give.
- 2 Oh grant that each of us
 Now met before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When thou and thine appear !
 And follow thee to heav'n our home,
 E'en so amen, Lord Jesus come. (2)

GLORIA PATRIA.

HYMN CIV.

- 1 **T**HE Father we adore,
 And everlasting Son,
 The Spirit of his love and pow'r,
 The glorious Three in One.
- 2 At the creation's birth
 This song was sung on high,
 Shall sound thro' ev'ry age on earth,
 And thro' eternity.

HYMN CV.

- 1 **F**ATHER of angels and of men,
 Saviour, who hast us bought,
 Spirit, by whom we're born again,
 And sanctify'd and taught !
- 2 Thy glory, holy Three in One,
 Thy people's song shall be,
 Long as the wheels of time shall run,
 And to eternity.

(1) Phil. iv. 7.

(2) Rev. xxii. 20.

HYMN CVI.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
 To Jesus who for sinners dy'd ;
 The holy spirit claims the same,
 By whom our souls are sanctify'd.
- 2 Thy praise was sung when time began
 By angels thro' the starry spheres ;
 And shall, as now, be sung by man
 Thro' vast eternity's long years.

HYMN. CVII.

[host,

- 1 **Y**E saints on earth ascribe with heav'n's high
 Glory and honour to the One in Three ;
 To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 As was, and is, and evermore, shall be.



A

T A B L E

TO THE THIRD BOOK,

According to the Order and Subject of the Hymns.

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E B E N E Z E R.

No. I.

*A Memorial of the unchangeable goodness of
God under changing dispensations.*

WRITTEN ON FEB. 12, 1775.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of our Marriage.

THE LORD GAVE.—

- 1 **F**OR what this day recalls to mind
My praise to God is due;
How many blessings he designed
To give, in giving you.
- 2 When hateful, hating and forlorn,
In Afric's Wilds I stray'd;
His hand secur'd my safe return,
But *You*, the *Mean*, was made.
- 3 How little, then could be foreseen
My path in future life!
But he prepar'd each following scene,
By making you my Wife.
- 4 The happy day that join'd our hands
(Sweet prelude to his Grace)
More firm in my remembrance stands
Than if engraved in brass.
- 5 But ah! My heart, by sin betray'd;
(How painful is the thought)
Soon of the gift, an idol made,
The giver soon forgot!
- 6 How justly might some sudden turn
Have parted us again;
And left my guilty soul to mourn
In agony and pain!
- 7 But though we both, and chiefly I,
For good have rendered ill,
His mercy hath been always nigh,
His hand preserves us still.
- 8 With mutual love, and peace, and health,
And friends, we have been blest;
And, if not what the world calls wealth,
We have enough possess.
- 9 From place to place, from year to year,
The Lord has been our guide;
Our sure resource in time of fear,
When all has fail'd beside.
- 10 Thus five and twenty years, the sun
Has trod his annual path;
And we apace are posting on
To meet the stroke of death!
- 11 Sure none a happier life have known,
Than our's, thus far, has been;

- But could we covet, now 'tis gone,
To live it o'er again ?
- 12 Like checker'd cloth, the warp with love
And comfort has been spread,
But cares and crosses interwove
Have furnish'd half the thread.
- 13 Yes ! even we, who so much joy,
So much endearment know,
Have found that something will annoy,
And tarnish all below !
- 14 Yet every cross a mercy is,
A blessing every thorn,
That tells us, here is not our bliss,
We were for nobler born.
- 15 That I am her's, and she is mine,
Invites my feeble lays ;
But, Saviour, that we both are thine,
Demands my highest praise.
- 16 With thee, dear Lord, who rulest all,
The wise appointment lies,
To which of us the lot must fall,
To close the other's eyes !
- 17 Then all our intercourse while here,
(How happy, and how kind !)
Will like a fleeting dream appear,
Which leaves no trace behind.
- 18 Prepare us every day we live,
For that important hour ;
And when, at length, it shall arrive
Support us by thy power.
- 19 Who first departs, may thy kind smile
Strengthen with joy to go ;
And the Survivor reconcile
To stay a while below.
- 20 Then may it seem of little weight,
Which of us goes before ;
Assur'd that we shall shortly meet
To part again no more.
- 21 Oh, with what wonder, joy, and praise,
Our souls shall then review
The snares, and mercies of the ways,
We were conducted through !

WRITTEN DEC. 15, 1791.

The first Anniversary of her Dismission from this state
of Sin and Sorrow.

—*The Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of
the Lord.*

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all Comfort! Who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comforts wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

- 1 LORD! She was thine, and not my own,
Thou hast not done me wrong;
I thank thee for the precious loan
Afforded me so long.
- 2 For though no single day has been,
Or talent well improv'd;
I chiefly see, and mourn my sin,
In what I chiefly lov'd.
- 3 I trembled, when thou saidst "resign
A much abused trust;"
But could not wonder or repine;
I own'd the sentence just.
- 4 Yet mercy sweeten'd my distress;
And while I felt the rod,
Gave me abundant cause to bless
An all-sufficient God!
- 5 Sharp was my pain and deep my wound,
(A wound which still must bleed)
But daily help, and strength I found
Proportioned to my need.
- 6 Like Jonah, (well our stories suit)
I view'd my gourd, well pleas'd;
Like him, I could not see the root
On which the worm had seiz'd.
- 7 But saw at length the hour draw nigh,
(That hour I since have known)
When all my earthly joy must die,
And I be left alone.
- 8 She dropt a tear, and grasp'd my hand,
And fain she would have spoke;
But well my heart could understand
The language of her look.
- 9 Farewell, it meant, a last Adieu!
I soon shall cease from pain;
This silent tear I drop for you;
We part—to meet again.
- 10 I said, "If leaving all below,
You now have peace divine;
And would, but cannot, tell me so,
Give me, at least, a sign."
- 11 She rais'd, and gently wav'd her hand,
And fill'd me with a joy,
To which the wealth of Sea and Land
Compar'd, were but a Toy.

- 12 I trust, indeed, she knew thy grace
Before this trying day ;
But Satan had, awhile access,
To fill her with dismay.
- 13 Till then, tho' two long years she pin'd,
Without an hour of ease ;
Cheerful she still appear'd, resign'd,
And bore her cross in peace.
- 14 Daily, while able, closely too,
She read the word of God ;
And thence her hope and comfort drew,
Her med'cine, and her food.
- 15 A stranger might have well presum'd,
From what he saw her bear :
This burning bush was not consum'd,
Because the *Lord* was there.
- 16 Three days, she could no notice take,
Nor speak, nor hear, nor see ;
O Lord ! Did not my heart-strings ach ?
Did I not cry to Thee ?
- 17 That, while I watch'd her, night and day,
My will to thine might bow ?
And, by this rod, didst thou not say,
" Behold your Idol now !
- 18 " From her you lov'd too much, proceed
" Your sharpest grief and pains ;
" For, soon or late, the heart must bleed
" That idols entertains."
- 19 Yes, Lord, we both have guilty been,
And justly are distress'd ;
But since thou dost forgive our sin,
I welcome all the rest.
- 20 Only uphold us in the fire,
Our fainting spirits cheer ;
And I thy mercy will admire,
When most thou seem'st severe.
- 21 Fainter, her breath, and fainter grew,
Until she breath'd her last ;
The soul was gone before we knew
The stroke of death was past.
- 22 Soft was the moment, and serene,
That all her suff rings clos'd ;
No agony, or struggle seen,
No feature discompos'd.
- 23 The parting struggle all was mine ;
" 'Tis the Survivor dies :"
For She was freed, and gone to join
The triumph of the Skies.
- 24 To me it was a stormy day,
'Tho' glad for her release ;
But He, whom seas and storms obey,
Soon bid the tempest cease.

- 25 My selfish heart had wish'd her here,
To spend her days in pain ;
That she, what I could say, might hear,
And speak to me again.
- 26 Our kindness to our suff'ring friends
Would keep them still below ;
But He, who loves them better, sends,
And, at his call, they go.
- 27 Each moment, since that trying hour,
My loss I keenly feel ;
But trust, I feel my Saviour's pow'r
To sanctify and heal.
- 38 Ah, world ! vain world ! by whom my Lord
Was crucify'd and slain ;
What comfort now canst thou afford
To mitigate my pain ?
- 29 Long since I should by his dear cross
Have learn'd to die to thee ;
But if I learn it by my loss,
That loss my gain will be.
- 30 Now Lord to thee I would apply,
On thee alone depend ;
Thou art, when creatures fail and die,
An ever-living Friend !
- 31 Now thou hast made a void within,
Which only thou canst fill ;
Oh ! grant me pardon of my sin,
And grace to do thy will.
- 32 That I with joy thy flock may feed,
A pattern to them be,
And comfort them in time of need ;
Vouchsafe to comfort me.
- 33 Let them believe, and love, and praise,
And wonder, and adore,
And view thee guiding all my ways :
I ask for nothing more.
- 34 To thee I would commit the rest ;
The when, the how, the where ;
Thy wisdom will determine best,
Without my anxious care.
- 35 May I with faith and patience wait,
For soon thy call will come ;
When I shall change this mortal state
For an eternal home.
- 36 The veils of sin and unbelief
Shall then be rent in twain ;
And they who parted here with grief,
Shall meet with joy again.
- 37 Then will the Lord himself appear,
With all his blood-bought sheep,
To wipe from ev'ry face the tear,
And they no more shall weep.

P O E M S.

- 33 May thoughts like these relieve my toil,
 And cheer my spirit up !
 Who would not suffer here a while,
 For such a glorious hope ?

P O E M S.

THE KITE—OR, PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

*My waking dreams are best conceal'd,
 Much folly, little good, they yield ;
 But now and then I gain, when sleeping,
 A friendly hint that's worth the keeping :
 Lately I dreamt of one who cry'd,
 " Beware of self, beware of pride ;
 When you are prone to build a Babel,
 Recal to mind this little fable."*

ONCE on a time a paper kite
 Was mounted to a wondrous height,
 Where, giddy with its elevation,
 It thus express'd self-admiration :
 " See how yon crowds of gazing people
 Admire my flight above the steeple ;
 How would they wonder if they knew
 All that a kite like me can do ;
 Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
 And pierce the clouds beyond their sight ;
 But, ah ! like a poor pris'ner bound,
 My string confines me near the ground :
 I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
 Might I but fly without a string."

It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
 To break the string—at last it broke.
 Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
 In vain it try'd to soar away ;
 Unable its own weight to bear,
 It flutter'd downward thro' the air ;
 Unable its own course to guide,
 The wind soon plung'd it in the tide.
 Ah ! foolish kite, thou had's't no wing,
 How could's't thou fly without a string !

My heart reply'd, " O Lord, I see
 How much this kite resembles me !
 Forgetful that by thee I stand,
 Impatient of thy ruling hand ;
 How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
 Thy wisdom for my lot assigns ?
 How oft indulg'd a vain desire
 For something more, or something higher ;

And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine."

A Thought on the Sea Shore.

- 1 **I**N ev'ry object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to thee.
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.
- 2 In ev'ry object here I see
Something, my heart, that points at thee.
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

The Spider and Toad.

SOME author, (no great matter who,
Provided what he says be true)
Relates he saw, with hostile rage,
A spider and a toad engage :
For tho' with poison both a restor'd
Each by the other is abhorr'd :
It seems as if their common venom
Provok'd an enmity between 'em.
Implacable, malicious, cruel,
Like modern hero in a duel,
The spider darted on his foe,
Infixing death at every blow.
The toad, by ready instinct taught,
An antidote, when wounded, sought ;
From the herb Plantane, growing near,
Well known to toads its virtues rare,
The spider's poison to repel,
It cropp'd the leaf, and soon was well.
This remedy it often try'd,
And all the spider's rage defy'd.
The person who the contest view'd,
While yet the battle doubtful stood,
Remov'd the healing plant away—
And thus the spider gain'd the day :
For when the toad return'd once more,
Wounded, as he had done before,
To seek relief, and found it not,
It swell'd, and dy'd upon the spot.

In ev'ry circumstance but one
(Could that hold too, I were undone)
No glass can represent my face
More jurtly than this tale my case.

P O E M S.

The toad's an emblem of my heart,
 And Satan acts the spider's part.
 Envenom'd by his poison, I
 Am often at the point to die ;
 But he who hung upon the tree,
 From guilt and wo to set me free,
 Is like the Plantane leaf to me. }
 To him my wounded soul repairs,
 He knows my pain, and hears my prayers ;
 From him I virtue draw by faith,
 Which saves me from the jaws of death :
 From him fresh life and strength I gain,
 And Satan spends his rage in vain.
 No secret arts or open force
 Can rob me of this sure resource :
 Though banish'd to some distant land,
 My med'cine would be still at hand ;
 'Though foolish men its worth deny,
 Experience gives them all the lie ;
 Though Deists and Socinians join,
 Jesus still lives, and still is mine.
 'Tis here the happy difference lies,
 My Saviour reigns above the skies,
 Yet to my soul is always near,
 For he is God, and every where.
 His blood a sovereign balm is found
 For every grief and every wound ;
 And sooner all the hills shall flee,
 And hide themselves beneath the sea ;
 Or Ocean, starting from its bed,
 Rush o'er the cloud-topt mountain's head
 The sun, exhausted of its light,
 Become the source of endless night ;
 And ruin spread from pole to pole,
 Than Jesus fail the tempted soul.

F I N I S.

B'D APR 14 1917

